JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 29, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, ½d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 901. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

My Talks with The Dead

BY

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—LORD LISTER.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

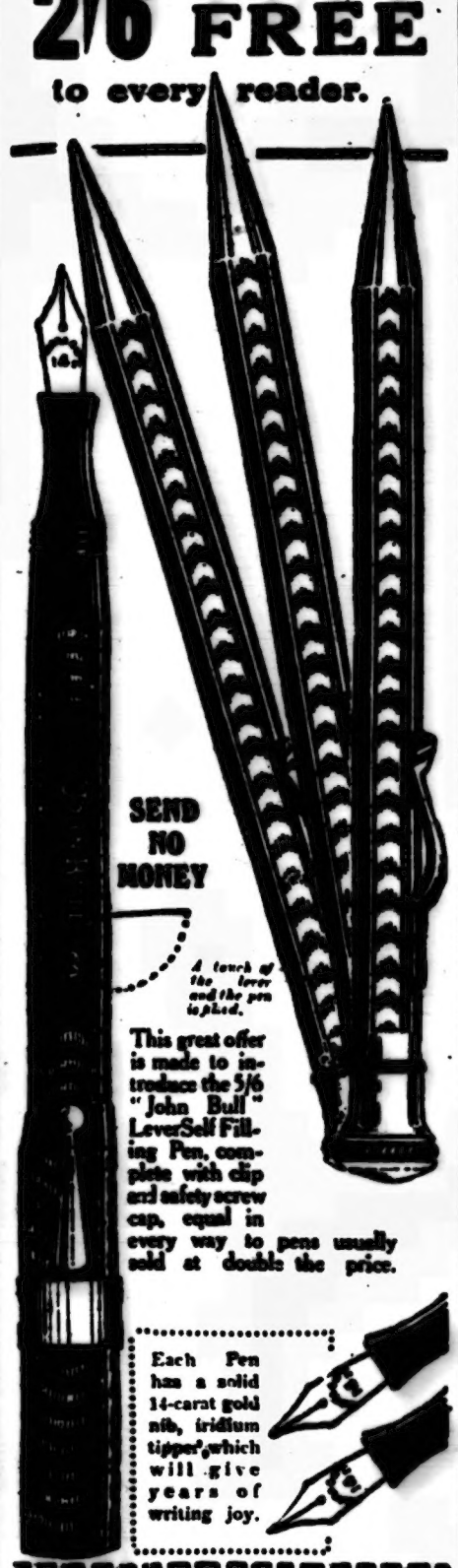
I am beginning anew my press campaign against tuberculosis—never to cease until the scourge has been stamped out. My new booklet *The Problem of Tuberculosis Solved*, free on request. Write to-day to 19 Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

'Yadil' Antiseptic is obtainable from all chemists.

Alex Clements

Closing Days of
JOHN BULL'S
Great Offer

2/6 Everpointed Pencil **FREE**
to every reader.



SEND NO MONEY

A touch of the lever and the pen is filled.

This great offer is made to introduce the 5/6 "John Bull" LeverSelf Filling Pen, complete with clip and safety screw cap, equal in every way to pens usually sold at double the price.

Each Pen has a solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped, which will give years of writing joy.

Available for 10 days only. "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 29.9.23. Date .....

Reader's home wrecked by blinding flash of lightning!

JOHN BULL pays £190 Insurance Benefit

PICTURE the scene! One moment a smiling home and happy inmates and then—a blinding flash, and red ruin and disaster had taken its toll. Such is the calamity that has befallen Mr. T. H. Wilkes, 101, Barrow Road, Wincobank, Sheffield.

The only ray of comfort that came to Mr. Wilkes as he surveyed his shattered home was the thought that he had taken the precaution to register for JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance Gift, otherwise his loss would have been irreparable. As it is, with what he was able to save from the wreckage together with JOHN BULL'S timely cheque, he will now be able to restore his home to its former happy state.

JOHN BULL is the *only* paper that pays storm benefits and in great emergencies proves its practical value over and over again.

Our Free Gift has now been greatly increased and offers more protection than ever before. If you have not yet signed the forms, do so now and gain that peace of mind that a well-protected home brings.

Hundreds again benefit this week. Owing to lack of space we can publish the names of only a few:

FIRE
Up to £400.
£55

DUMFRIES: M. Murray, 81, Loreburn Street.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. M. Watts, 5a, Upper Hill Street.
EDINBURGH.—Mrs. G. Robinson, 15, Leamas Place.
HUNTS.—Mrs. E. Hoy, 8, Newtown, Earith, Nr. St. Ives.
FULHAM, S.W.—S. Barrett, 236, Lillie Road.
DEPTFORD, S.E.—Mrs. Dowd, 113, Trundleys Road.
RADFORD, NOTTS.—A. Towle, 17, Arthur Terrace, Independent Street.

STORM
Up to £300.

HOCKLEY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. G. Long, 2/76, Villa Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. W. Dickinson, 47, Darnall Road.
BECKTON, E.6.—Mrs. F. Henry, 72, Wiltof Terrace.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. E. Hayes, 4/2, Summer Hill Street, Parade.
DARNALL, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. J. Smith, 107, Owlerseave Road.
WISBECH, CAMBS.—Mr. P. Jibson, 55, Leverington Road.
WITTON, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. H. Williams, 5, Witton Terrace, Witton Road.
CHISWICK.—H. Swift, Esq., 4, Queen's Cottages, Fishers Lane.
NEWBOROUGH, Nr. BURTON-ON-TRENT.—F. Clare.
BIRMINGHAM.—C. L. Whitmore, 104, Hospital Street.

Sickness Benefits
£5 5s.

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

OWER, Nr. ROMSEY, HANTS.—Mr. A. J. Moutland, Hammond's Farm.
WRITTON, STOKE FERRY.—Mr. C. Long, Cromer Lane.
METHLEY JUNCTION, Nr. LEEDS.—Mrs. F. M. Evans, 4, Burnley Row.
WESTEND, SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. F. C. Noyce, 4, Council Houses, Hinh Street.
WEST SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. Sims, 4, Highbury Road.
OLDLAND, Nr. BRISTOL.—Mrs. K. W. Westbrook, c.o. "Park Farm."
PENRHYNDENDRAETH, N. WALES.—Mrs. I. Evans, Caerfynos Terrace.
ABERBARGOED, MON.—Mrs. E. Maverick, 18, Yew Street.
GT. STAUGHTON, ST. NEOTS.—Mr. G. R. Matthews, The Town.
MARKET LAVINGTON, DEVIZES.—Mrs. F. R. Perry, The Hollow.
ABERTILLERY, MON.—Mrs. M. M. Williams, 56, Adam Street.
ABERBARGOED, MON.—Mrs. S. M. Ralph, 9, Pitwannath Street.
LE. EDMONTON.—Mrs. H. E. Jennings, 78, Bounces Road.
BLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. C. Williams, 31, Queen Street.
YNYSDDU, MON.—Mrs. E. Lewis, 17 Alexandra Road.
BREAM, GLOUCESTER.—Mr. J. M. Crooms, Oakwood Road.
GRAVESEND, KENT.—Mr. L. E. Cottis, 50, Wakefield Street.
DERBY.—Mrs. W. Calton, 101, Rose Street.

Accident Benefits
£3 per week.

TUNSTALL.—Mrs. E. Bourne, 3, Railway View, Furlong Lane.
WHITEINCH, GLASGOW.—Mrs. C. Byrne, 1170 Dumbarton Road.
HOLLINWOOD, Nr. OLDHAM.—Mrs. E. Egan, 27, Randolph Street.
TONMAWR, PONTRHYDYFEN, PORT TALBOT.—Mrs. E. J. Howard, 1, John Terrace.
TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. M. Pritchard, 14, George Street.
TREALAW, RHONDDA.—Mrs. S. Williams, 182, Tynycymon Road.
RHYL.—Mrs. R. Vaughan, 9, Vaughan Street.
HULL.—Mrs. D. Arnott, 7, Myrtle Grove, Brighton Street, Hessle Road.
BELPER, DERBY.—J. Wainwright, 39, Over Lane, Openwoodgate.

Gas Explosion

ISLINGTON, N.1.—F. Carter, 5, Alfred Street.
BEDFORD.—G. Edmunds, 32, Hazeld Street.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID 8681—SIGN NOW!

CUT HERE.

J.B., 29.9.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE.

J.B. 29.9.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date ....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Send manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only) list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKET MEN & BEGINNERS. —If you want real value in Remnants, Cut Lengths, and Ready-mades, get in touch with Levy's, Ltd., Manchester Warehousemen, 30a, Commercial Rd., London, E. Wholesale list free.

CRYING DOLLS with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £3 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozens sent on receipt of 3/-. Special price for quantities.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

TEA Knives, E.P.N.S., coloured handles, 3/9 case. Sample, 4/3. Cheapest Manufacturing House for Sheffield Cutlery. List free.—Elect Cutlery Co., Rockingham Street, Sheffield.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENTS WANTED.—Enormous success of all Agents for "Imperial Art" Series Xmas Cards, Trade and Personal Calendars, Loose Cards, Wallets, etc. Alluring sample album Free. Highest commission. No outlay.—Write, Keene and Co., Publishers, Dept. "B.," Hull.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS write for details of finest Agency known. No outlay. A money spinner.—Art Publishing Co., Desk B., Preston.

AGENTS AWAKE. New idea, new field, new article for every home, every office, every shop. Success guaranteed. Send 1/6 for samples.—Radion Co., 116, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

AGENCY (spare time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 38, Friar Lane, Leicester.

AGENTS wanted, 50 per cent. com. No outlay. Samples free. Wonderful proposition.—Manager, 134 Old Street, London, E.C.

PRIVATE Christmas Card Agents wanted. Wonderful free sample book, exquisite designs, big commission and prizes.—Dept. 173, All-British Christmas Card Co., Blackburn.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fascinating Home Industry (patented). 8tpd. addressed envelope.—England-Richards Co., 30, King's Lynn.

SPARE-TIME PROFITS.—Become Agent for freely selling low-priced foodstuffs, awarded Institute of Hygiene Certificate. Beautiful package, easy, pleasant and dignified work. Profit nearly 50 per cent.—Garvin Bros., Ltd., 96-98, Leadenhall Street, London.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for particulars. Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for Particulars, 97, Levaine (Dept J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

FOR Profitable Employment write M. Glover and Co., Engineers, Hipbeck, Leeds, regarding special money-making Firewood and Firelighter Machinery.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

20,000 WORD new Mail Order Business Guide, 112 pages, illust'd, 1/6. Catalogue, 2d. —J. & H. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

START Stickless Firelighter business with £1. Earn 10/-, 20/- daily. Apparatus, 12/6.—Parkes, Redman, Thornton, Bdf., Yorks.

LEARN THE MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS—£5-£10 weekly easily earned in spare time.—Write, Call or Inst. Desk O, 19, Clifford Rd., E.17.

BARGAIN SALES.

CATALOGUE Free.—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Rings, Clocks, Gramophones, etc. Easy terms, from 3/- monthly.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 2½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

CYCLISTS.—SOME REAL "SNIPS" at slaughtering prices. 1/9. Air Tubes 10½d. Real Cable Cord Tyres, exactly half-price. Cycle chains, 1/6. Double Texture, 35/-. Mackintoshes 12/9. Guaranteed Cyclometers 2/6. Flashlamp Batteries 4½d. Electric Cycle Lamps only 6/9. Guinea Trouser Stretchers 2/11. Safety Razors 4d.—For full particulars of these and hundreds more amazing bargains send for Monster 144-page Catalogue and Special Clearance Lists. They're FREE for postcard. Write NOW. It will pay you.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

VOL-PEEK mends your Kettles, Saucepans, Baths, at home, especially aluminium, copper, enamel, iron, tin, etc. A metallic putty. Simply push through hole, flatten and burn. 1/- packet mends 30 holes.—Storey (Dept. J.B.), 7, St. Mary's Road, Golders Green.

EARTHENWARE Direct from Manufacturers to the Home. Highest class Tea, Dinner, Breakfast, Toilet Sets, etc., in exquisite designs, warranted to suit all tastes in both price and quality. Churches, Schools, Bazaars catered for. Restaurants supplied. Satisfaction certain or money refunded. Write NOW for our Price Lists
THE HOUSEHOLD POTTERY CO.
(Dept. J.B.),
NEWCASTLE STREET,
BURSLEM, STAFFS.

FREE GIFT of Hand-ome Electro Jam Spoon or Butter Knife to purchasers of one dozen Firth's Stainless Table or Dessert Knives (best Xylonite Handles), 20/- dozen, 12/- half-dozen. Sample 2/6. State gift preferred.—Carlton, 15, Eaton Park Road, Palmers Green, London, N.13.

"FLORIVO."—The Life of Flowers doubled. Cut flowers remain fresh for ten days if you add "Florivo" to the water. 1/3, post paid, per packet.—The Progressive Utilities Co., 199, Deansgate, Manchester.

ENLARGEMENTS from any photo; beautiful work. 12 x 10 in. 2/-. Send now. Money back if dissatisfied.—Cooper, 121, Gt. Colmore Street, Birmingham.

Gt NS.—Thoroughly reliable, guaranteed English-made double barrel, £6 5s. Single barrels, 30/-. Cash or gradual payments. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road London, S.W.6.

A CORRECTION.—Those of our readers who saw the advertisement of the British Stainless Cutlery Co. on page 3 of our issue dated September 15 should note that this remarkable 25/- canteen of cutlery contains ½ doz. each Dessert Knives, Forks and Spoons and ½ doz. Tea Spoons.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Home-spuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

FANCY Leathers, 15 lovely colours, 9d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2d. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

AUTUMN OPPORTUNITY.—During a short period only reduced fees will be accepted for all enrolments in the Metropolitan College 13th Annual Autumn/Winter Postal Coaching Classes, to encourage new students to commence spare-time study at the outset of the early dark evenings.

Individual postal training, taken at home in leisure time, under an unrivalled staff of expert tutors, in accountancy, secretaryship, advertising, insurance, banking, costing, etc., and for all professional secretarial and accountancy examinations, matriculation, London University, B. Com. degree, etc.

Record successes at leading examinations; many intensely practical non-examination courses; moderate fees, by instalments if desired. Write to-day for the helpful 140 pp. "Guide to Careers," free and post paid, together with particulars of the reduced fees opportunity. A postcard will suffice.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —67 Swan Inst., Feeting Grove, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Ill. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 40/.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Aztec Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

EXERCISE BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet only. Trial box (60 tabs.), 1/6.—Energets (Dept. J.B.), 12, Beaborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance, should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 99-93, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1703U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 3/6 btls. p.f., or write for particulars., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

FOR Heart, Brain and Nerves and the Restoration of Youth. Sample Packet free. Call or write, The J.B. Damaroid Company, 48, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 97, St. Albans.

FREE BOOK, entitled "Tobacco Habit Curative Method," smoking, chewing, antidote cure. —York Publications, 7, Cannon St., London.

INDISPENSABLE Family Remedies and Scientific Toilet Preparations. Stamped envelope for list.—Medical Trading Co., Hygienic Specialists, 17, Store Street, W.C.1.

SKIN DISEASES, Psoriasis, Eczema, Bad Legs, completely and permanently cured by Kurem Home Treatment. Free Book sent under plain cover.—Write J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

GET WELL Permanently — the "Nature Science" way—no drugs or exercises. Send 1½d. (postage) for booklet.—Mr. B. Scott, 47, Huddlestone Road, London, N.W.2.

VARICOSE VEINS CURED.—Elasto Tablets. New treatment has met with fullest success. By aiding the body to create elastic fibre absolutely cures permanently. Also successful for Piles.—Write for FREE Sample and NO CURE —NO PAY terms, or send 3/- for month's supply to NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 18, L.), Cecil House, Holborn, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES.

The Vibro Telephonic Treatment has cured many hundreds of cases where years of previous treatment have failed. Head noises are removed and great improvement obtained in 90% of all cases undertaken whilst a very large percentage regain normal hearing.

Write at once to the nearest establishment for Booklet (post free) of absorbing interest to the Deaf.

The HAMILTON-WELLS INSTITUTE,

LONDON: 67, Church Road, Richmond.
BIRMINGHAM: 261, Corporation Street.
LEICESTER: 19, New Street.
MANCHESTER: 333 Oxford Road.
BRISTOL: 75, Park Street.

GRAVES SUITS. THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

This is the honest truth. We challenge comparison. For dependable quality, excellent fit and superlative finish the Graves 50/- suits are without equal.

Graves System ensures satisfaction. Our self measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, & we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments. Price 50/-

From 7/6 with order

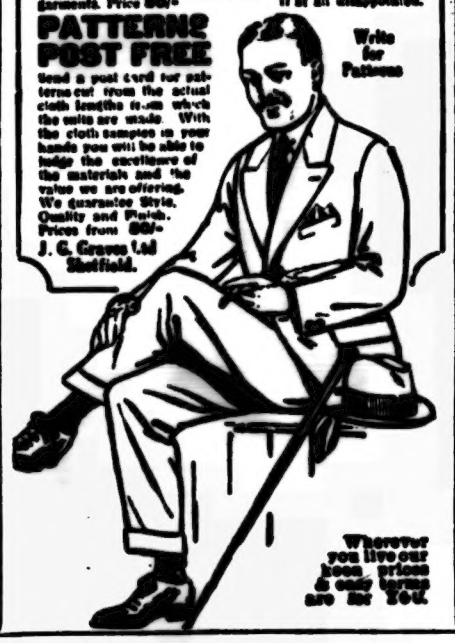
We Deliver the Graves 50/- suit, carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of only 7/6 with your order. Balance in monthly payments if still desired. Money back if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE

Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. With the cloth samples in your hands you will be able to judge the excellence of the materials and the value we are offering. We guarantee Style, Quality and Finish. Prices from 50/-

Write for Patterns

J. G. Graves Ltd Sheffield.



Wherever you live our keen prices & easy terms are for You.

Piccolo Peppi

MEET Piccolo Peppi, the restaurant proprietor who can see poetry in a potato. He is the creation of A. A. Thomson, who relates his adventures in the "PASSING SHOW." This week he is involved in a hair-raising adventure with

"The Haunted Colonel"

A Tale of Curry, a Colonel and Chicanery, by A. A. Thomson.

"HELL'S tumbrils!" said the Colonel, "Get me a (scarlet) table near the (crimson) door and fetch me a (vermilion) plate of (magenta) egg-kedgeree!" This polite request was his first remark on meeting Piccolo. The sensational developments that followed will explain to you why there are so many glacé kid livers in London at the present moment. Don't miss this screamingly funny story in this week's "PASSING SHOW." Get your copy to-day.

PASSING SHOW

"MAKES SMILES GROW"

Every Saturday—

2D.

Autumn & Winter Weight West of England Suits to Measure for only £3-10-0

WE have cleared for Cash a Manufacturer's stock of the above cloths at a price enabling us to make the wonderful offer of Autumn and Winter Weight All Wool Pure West of England Tweed Suits to measure at **£3 10s.**

The irresistible and wear-defying qualities of these Cloths can only be appreciated in actual wear, and for those who require a Suit of special merit we have every confidence in recommending these exceptionally durable and wear-resisting Tweeds.

The Cloths we are offering are in Autumn and Winter weights, durable, irresistible and wear-defying. The shades are in Fawns, Browns, Fancy and Heather mixtures, as well as in Light, Medium and Dark Greys, so that town customers have the same opportunity of making as suitable a selection as our country customers who usually favour the more vivid shades.

A CURZON SUIT LASTS 10 YEARS!

In our testimonial booklet (sent free with every enquiry for patterns) will be found the copy of a letter from one of our customers who has worn one of our Suits more than 10 years. We do not say that these West of England Suits will last 10 years (though it is quite possible, so indestructible are the cloths) but we are of opinion that in ordinary wear they should give at least 5 or 6 years' service. On a basis of 5 years, these handsome Suits to Measure will cost you at the rate of only 3d. per week (or 1d. per garment).

Need more be said to demonstrate the economy in securing one of these West of England Suits at only £3 10s. to Measure!

OVERCOATS

Finest selection of materials at popular prices. Patterns on application.

Fit Guaranteed
or we refund your money!

As the rolls of cloth will only make about 1,000 Suits, those interested should lose no time in applying for patterns (sent post free). When writing, mention specially West of England patterns, and address enquiry to the new Head Depot, mentioning "John Bull."

A PERFECT fit is assured by means of our self-measure chart, but customers can, if they so wish, send us an old, well-fitting Suit instead, from which we will take the necessary measures.
A faultless fit absolutely guaranteed.

ALL orders are executed in our own Ideal Hygienic workrooms, where customers desirous of doing so, can see their garments in the process of making.

All the World knows It's "Curzon's" for Clothes

CURZON BROS., Ltd.,

New Head Depot: *The World's Measure Tailors.*

36 & 37, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

WEST END: 107, Strand, W.C.; 158, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 26 & 28, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 58, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13, Old Compton Street, W.
CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 34, Liverpool Street, E.C.; 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool St. Station (Met.), E.C.; 76, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—

DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON and HOVE.

20 for 1/-

Made Specially to PREVENT SORE THROATS

CRAVEN "A"
CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Made by CARRERAS LTD. *London. 130 Years Reputation*

Gramly's

Vol. XXXIV. No. 906.
Week ending Saturday,
Sept. 30, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Can You Beat It?

In the midst of the biggest crisis this country has known, when the very basis of international life is at stake, two British Ministers have spent weeks holidaying in France and a third in Scotland. Poincaré and Mussolini have remained at work. 'Nuff said!

Cheek of the Devil.

British guests in Berlin hotels have been searched by the police and their money confiscated. The idea that *we* won the war will go down to history as the joke of the century.

God Send Us MEN!

The Ruhr and Corfu between them have totally destroyed British influence in Europe. Lord Curzon's inefficient management of the crises has been the typical work of the old gang—impulse without policy. Secret diplomacy must go.

Pip and Squeak.

Lord Rothermere is concerned about what Europe owes Mussolini. The baby-killing at Corfu was one item his Lordship conveniently forgot. And what about that £500,000,000 Mussolini owes us?

The Choice.

The German mark is no longer legal tender. What it implies for Europe is a choice between Bolshevism in Germany or a speedy end to the deadlock. Mr. Baldwin has seen M. Poincaré, and there is no further excuse for inaction.

The Way It Works.

While our own unemployed number nearly two million, the number of unemployed in Germany receiving the dole is only 300,000. "Poor" Germany! We wonder when the significance of facts like these will dawn on our "statesmen"?

The Optimists.

The International Trade Union Federation has appealed to America to help to settle the reparations muddle. Their reasoning is all right, but their optimism is touching!

The Gamblers.

Woollen manufacturers are agitating for a protective tariff. We haven't forgotten the 1,400 per cent. profits they squeezed out of us during the war, and we consider they've got a sweet cheek.

Stop Doles All Round.

The farmers who are clamouring for protection—and therefore for higher prices to the consumer—have none of our sympathy. We are not advocating the abolition of the dole merely to hand it on to the unbusinesslike farmer. The cure in both cases is—work.

A Confused Cleric.

Dean Inge says a revolt against democracy is in being all over the world. Wrong! Only against the mistaken notion that liberty is the same as licence.

Bag and Baggage.

British taxpayers subsidise the Emir Abdullah to the tune of £150,000 a year, but that is no reason why British aeroplanes and troops should have supported him in the Transjordania rising. Clear out of Palestine!

Inverting Economics.

The steadily rising cost of living shows the futility of appointing Committees of Inquiry unless the Government are prepared to act drastically on their findings. When action fails to follow inquiry, the profiteers take heart and proceed to fresh extortions.

Work at Hand.

At least 50,000 men could be employed immediately by emulating Holland and reclaiming the fertile land that lies beneath the Wash. During the war German prisoners were at work on it with satisfactory results. Why not tackle it in earnest?

Whose Fault?

While hundreds of thousands of people want houses and cannot find them, 200,000 practical builders want work which *they* cannot find. Surely it is not beyond the powers of practical statesmen to meet an obvious situation of this kind?

Britain Pays.

The lack of a Government unemployment policy is responsible for hundreds of skilled engineers leaving this country for America. Their expensive training has been borne by us and America gets the benefit! Later on America will compete with us—and the authorities will wonder why.

Imperialist Lunacy.

Dr. Vaughan Cornish must think again. He wants every family to have four children so that later these may emigrate and people the earth with whites. Meanwhile, most people are wondering when *this* little country will be made fit to live in. Can Dr. Cornish solve that problem?

Still Dozing.

Germany has obtained a concession for the exploitation of a large stretch of Russian forests. The only reason Britain doesn't get similar concessions is that the Government can't see trade for Bolshevism. It's a thin excuse for apathy and incompetence.

Frank.

Frank Harris, who did his worst to rival Houston Chamberlain in his attacks on this country, is now in Berlin, and hopes to visit London. Well, to be frank, Frank is one we can do without. Police, please note.

The Methymaniacs.

The appalling prevalence of methylated spirit-drinking calls for some drastic action on the part of the authorities. It is as big an evil as the drug traffic and should be as determinedly attacked. If legislation is needed, let us have it.

End the Scandal.

One of the greatest terrors of the permanently disabled soldier is the repeated appearances that have to be made before the medical boards. Why does not the Ministry of Pensions exercise its powers and make its pension awards final to anyone permanently disabled?

A Great Idea.

Dr. Burt wants to map out the minds of everyone in the country and draw up a chart to show what jobs they are fitted for. If this were done we know a number of M.P.s who'd get the sack. And we can tell Major Tryon what job he's not fitted for without testing his brain.

Asking for Trouble.

In drawing up the Anderson Report on the Civil Service no evidence was taken from the staff. If the Government put it into practice they are in for an unhappy time. We expect Parliament to see that justice is done in this matter.

A Rash Bishop.

Bishop Welldon has brought a hornet's nest about his ears by his attack on teachers in which he displayed more courage than knowledge. The truth is they are an overworked and underpaid profession, and the service they give the community is as valuable and unselfish as the Bishop's.

The Railway Ramp.

Since the war railwaymen's wages have been reduced by the amount of £45,000,000, but we haven't seen reductions in freights and fares in proportion. And we haven't forgotten those reserves totalling £130,000,000. Fares must come down—and stay down.

Masterly Inactivity.

Dr. Robert Bell, in charge of cancer research at Battersea for twenty-seven years, says cancer is a preventable disease; in which case it becomes our immediate duty to ask the Ministry of Health just what they are doing to prevent it.

Royal Commission Wanted.

In spite of the fact that in 1921 three-fifths of the parents in England and Wales refused to have their children vaccinated, an attempt is going to be made to get the Exemption Clause repealed. The Government must make a serious effort to determine the efficacy or otherwise of this treatment.

A Terrible Indictment.

According to Mr. Roberts, M.P., bad housing conditions are responsible for the death of 4,000 mothers in child-birth and 30,000 children under one year old *every year*. Add 2½ million school-children suffering from physical defects and the picture is enough to make even the Health Ministry sufficiently ashamed to do something drastic.

Unsatisfactory.

There are many queer items in the accounts of the Prince of Wales' Fund that call for a full explanation. This patriotic subscription of seven million pounds must be freed from all suspicion by those who were responsible for its administration.

Moral Safety Ignored.

The governing body of the United Theological College of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are very much concerned because some of their students have married, and they are appealing to others not to embarrass themselves in the same way. Forgetting, perhaps, that in marriage there is moral safety for theological students as for others.

Sex Bar for Soldiers.

Men who sacrificed all when the Empire was imperilled must not be sex-barred from earning a living for themselves and their families now. Therefore, the Chester Education Committee must reconsider its decision that only females need apply for its £150 clerkship job. Why not give it to some disabled but competent chap?

A Spoiler of Girls' Lives.

That hearts were made to break must be the belief of Frank Edward Butler, of Goldthorpe. Twelve months ago he married a girl who is ten years younger than himself, spoiled her life, and broke his marriage vows. Now he offers his wife £10 if she will spend it on getting a divorce, so that he can do what he calls "the right thing by another girl." Which, in his case, probably means spoiling another life.

"Our Father" Not Theirs.

That must be a queer brand of Christianity held by the Churchwardens of Holy Trinity Church, Bournemouth. They object to the relieving officer being housed in their vicinity, as it might bring applicants for relief to the neighbourhood! Truly, should He who "had compassion on the multitude" come again to earth, He would not know His Own. Nor would they wish to recognise Him unless perhaps He arrived in rich clothes and a motor car.

Odious Officialdom.

Because James MacGeagh, aged seventy-two, was driven mad with pain from a crushed and amputated leg, he was placed in the observation ward of Fulham Road infirmary and certified as a "lunatic." He died the same night. This is a case of the coat making the gentleman, and the old Local Government Board order must be amended without delay. A few hours in a certain ward does not make a man a lunatic, and the aspersion of insanity is serious for the relatives left behind.

How to Deal with Degenerates.

When Arthur Fingleton, Tamworth Street, Hulme, was caught molesting a little seven-year-old girl in Alexandra Park, Manchester, the indignant father of the girl dealt with him, and then handed him, dripping with blood, to the police. The sensible way. But the chairman, who sent Fingleton for three months to a place where there are no little girls, told the father he ought to have let the police act! In which case the park-pest would have missed the thrashing and have had time to molest other girls.

Eight Years for a Child.

The Mayor of Deal has his views on the virtues of Industrial Schools, and we have ours. We can only say that in sentencing John David Schafre, aged eight, to detention in one of these establishments until he is sixteen he has punished him with what amounts to eight years' penal servitude for a childish offence of stealing. The fact that the father, who earns only £1 17s. 6d. a week, must pay 6s. a week towards his maintenance adds to the monstrous character of the decision. There should be an appeal.

10s. Saves a Home.

The owner of a six-roomed Northampton house, which sheltered nine people, having obtained an order for possession, sent two men to put the furniture of the harassed families in the street. Five shillings each was to be their reward, but when the chairman of the Housing Committee offered them 10s. to leave the house alone they returned the key to the owner, and said, "We refuse to do the job." They and the Alderman showed wise discrimination. But who authorised the ejection?

Female Fagin.

The hint given by JOHN BULL as to the existence of modern Fagin's kitchens continues to bear fruit. This time Mary Jane Powell, a Liverpool woman, aged fifty-two, is the culprit. Mary Jane did a regular business in training young children to steal for her benefit. She goes to prison, but—there are others.

Dirty Dogs!

The case of the poor creatures driven to earn their living on the streets is often sad enough in all conscience without their money being filched from them by rascals who pose as detectives, but who promise to let them off for a bribe. The crying scandal is that the Act of Parliament dealing with this class of offence is extremely ambiguous, and magistrates have little power. It must be altered, and at once.

The Adoption Scandal.

It is high time that a new adoption law was enacted for this country. At the moment if an adopter wishes to rid himself of the charge he has undertaken he can turn the child into the street without incurring legal responsibility. Mrs. Harry Barlow, of the National Adoption Society, is determined on a national campaign. England must not remain behind continentals in this matter.

Another Baby Basher.

Decent women will marvel at the mind of Mrs. William Schuler, who described her husband as a splendid and gentle father when he was arraigned for unmercifully ill-treating his own baby by throwing it violently into its cot and bashing its face and ear with his clenched fists. All honour to the neighbours who took upon themselves to bring the cruel brute to justice. Interference in other people's affairs is a virtue in such cases.

From Mansion to Workhouse.

At the age of 72 the widow of the late Captain W. H. Bernard is to go into the workhouse at Ampthill for the rest of her days. This lady is the cousin of Lady Longmore, and the late Admiral King-Hall; in lower walks of life the aged poor are looked after by the better-off relatives. The stigma of the workhouse will take the gilt off the coronet. Unless, of course, the titled folks rescue their relative and so save the ratepayers' money.

Gospel According to Marie.

Dr. Marie Stopes has been having a passage at arms with Sir William Beveridge on the subject of her wonderfully profitable books. She declared that Sir William ignored the problem of the unfit. When Sir William asked pertinently if prevention of the propagation of the unfit was the object, why were the books attractively displayed for all and sundry, he will have the public with him in demanding a reply. Control of birth for the hopelessly unfit must not be confounded with filling the minds of youth with emotional prurience.

War Office Waste Paper.

The Army Council are apparently anxious to secure the co-operation of large firms in compiling a "Guide to Civil Employment for ex-Soldiers," and to this end have sent out an imposing four page circular letter with an eight-page pamphlet and a large cartridge envelope for reply. In their anxiety for the welfare of the ex-Soldier, however, they seem to have overlooked the necessity for economy. One firm in Canterbury received three of these expensive packets by the same post! We wonder how many more concerns have been favoured with these documents in triplicate?

The People's Friend.

A blinding flash of lightning, an awful moment of horror, and the happy home of Mr. T. H. Wilkes, 101, Barron Road, Winconank, Sheffield, was shattered and wrecked. Before such a tragedy, the man might well have stood appalled, but there was one ray of comfort in the gloom. Mr. Wilkes is registered for the Free Insurance Gift of JOHN BULL—the only paper that pays storm benefits—and our benefit to him of £190 will help to bring back the happiness of home. His foresight in registering under our scheme brought him succour in the hour of need.

Bad Example.

One "expert" having shown the way, there are now many philanthropists circularising the public with "get rich quick" offers in return for finance for "Bootlegging" expeditions to America. Readers who receive these circulars should hand them in at the nearest police station.

'Phone Hogs.

A detestable telephone nuisance is the beast who calls up a likely number, and when a woman answers pours out a string of obscenities. It is obvious that there are some people with the hog's liking for wallowing in filth who revel in this "amusement." Surely the abuse can be checked?

The Latest.

The latest "try-on" of the Economaniacs of the Pensions Ministry is to pump pensioners regarding family medical history for generations back in the hope of finding sufficient "evidence" to justify a claim that the diseases were not due to active service. Whatever diseases the Inquisitors suffer from, few of them took the risk of contracting them on active service.

Write to JOHN BULL.

During the week JOHN BULL obtained for an ex-naval man £17 to which he was told he was not entitled. In several pensions cases where over-issues had been made it had the rate of repayment reduced from 5s. to 1s. a week, thus enabling the needy pensioners to spend 4s. a week more on their humble necessaries. This shows the value of writing to JOHN BULL about it.

Out With His Name!

Mr. J. De Cressy Treffry, Chairman of the Tywardreath (Cornwall) Bench, refused admittance to the press, solicitors and public during the hearing of a case. When Mr. A. N. F. Goodman, a Plymouth solicitor, protested, Mr. Treffry stated that it was the usual procedure. In the days of the Star Chamber, perhaps, but not now, Mr. Treffry. We wonder who was the prisoner and what was the case?

Feeding the Flames.

God help any Loughton residents if they have a fire! The local Council are so gloriously incompetent that the town is now without either fire brigade or station—the former resigned and the latter vacated. And all because the Council could not arrange for horses to be available for the fire-engine. When the fire fatalities occur the Council will be morally guilty of manslaughter—or worse.

Thirst-quenchers.

Our recent comment regarding the bill of £103 presented by the Brownhills Fire Brigade for "services rendered" in putting out a rick fire, has elicited the fact that one of the items charged for was beer for which the ratepayers were invited to pay four guineas. Only twenty-one gallons of good beer were drunk on that occasion, and all the Council felt inclined to do was to warn the captain to "be careful of expenditure in future." Probably he squirted beer through the hose.

Stupidity Personified.

Magistrates who order youngsters to be brutally birched for indulging in what has been the recognised proclivity of small boys since the expulsion from the garden of Eden, deserve to have the same remedy applied to their own hides. We compliment the Southend Labour Party for taking up the case of three little boys ordered this horrible punishment for stealing a few plums from an orchard. It is the way hardened criminals are manufactured.

"No Encumbrances."

Southsea police are searching for the parents of a child abandoned in a garden in Auckland Road, only one among an alarming increase in abandoned children. The fact of these mites presenting a well-cared for appearance, and being left where their discovery is speedily assured, points to tragic necessity rather than wilful evil. If the blame could be fixed, would none of it fall on those who advertise for workpeople "without encumbrances," nor on landlords who announce "no children wanted"?

Still Clinging.

"Ivy Rose" still clings to the delusion that she has the gift of spotting winners, and with the aid of the Post Office this tipstress still rows in often enough to make a good living by persuading others to back winners—and losers—for her.

Birds of a Feather,.

The filthy German who studies birth notices for customers for his goods has a counterpart in Elijah Bartlett, an American exponent of Spiritualism, who sends to bereaved Britons his terms for putting them into communication with their loved ones. And unfortunately he finds dupes.

Hush-hush.

We protest against the Gloucestershire Insurance Committee in attempting to hush up the scandal of a local panel doctor. Our information is that this man mishandled his poor patients in such a fashion and with such grave consequences that he is to be struck off the list. Will the Committee make public all the facts? Or shall we?

Perverting Children's Minds.

At a rural school in Cornwall, the headmistress gets over the difficulty of lessons by reading to the children long reports of the latest divorce and murder stories. The poor kiddies are, as a result, demoralised in more senses than one. And yet all that the Education Committee could do was to "regret" that she had been "lacking in tact." Such a woman should be kicked out!

"A Real Spanish Prisoner."

We have received from a reader confirmation of the horrible conditions of Chilian prisons mentioned in our recent article. He bears out every word we have said of the laxity of British Consuls, and asserts that under the system prevailing at present it is quite easy for an Englishman to be thrown into one of these disgusting prisons without hope of help from the man who represents the Union Jack. The Consular Service must be immediately overhauled.

Sharks of the Law.

When Dewsbury's Chamber of Trade decided to ask for important legal reforms, Mr. W. W. Speight, of the West Yorkshire Federated Chamber of Trade, gave evidence of cruel charges. One lady had a bill of costs for £2,000 sent in after being advised that she had a good case. The legal sucker who sent in the bill laid his hands on all her money in the bank and stocks and shares. What a pity it is that Mr. Speight has not yet given the names of those he has indicted.

"Frederick the Great."

Our exposures of Frederick Thane and his absurd claims as a "Bullets" solutionist, have brought us another circular which is similar to Thane's in every word. But the precious sheet is sent out by David Franks, Peele's Chambers, 177-178, Fleet Street, E.C. 4. Either the two men are working in combination, or there is only one man concerned in the business. Readers should stick to their 5s. Neither Thane nor Franks can influence *Bullets* chances in any way.

Women Who Prey Upon Women.

It seems that magistrates must continue to protest in vain against the frightful exorbitances of women money lenders, and that vampires like the one dealt with by Mr. Fleming at Greenwich may continue to smile. This harpie lent a woman twenty-eight shillings and took four-and-eightpence per week in interest, a rate of 866 per cent. Now she clamours for the principal and all the magistrate can do is suggest the case be taken in the county court! A bit of home legislation is needed.

Why They Laughed.

Who trains our police force in crime "detection"? Apparently it has escaped their notice that thieves often work in gangs. Or maybe P.C. Johnson of the London Force is a particularly guileless young man. When he arrested a woman with a parcel of stolen stockings he handed the whole caboodle to a man who ran up and declared it to be his property, telling him to follow on behind. Behind, mark you! Then the many-times-convicted sneak thief vamoosed and P.C. Johnson got a shock.

My Stars!

Evidently fools and their money are as easily parted as they were in the days the tag was coined. Otherwise Reeves, who offers "Lessons in Racing Astrology," from 9, Bleasedale Street, East Preston, would not find the game a paying one.

Bumble and the Hoardings.

Cinema and other placards being regarded as "unsightly," and a disturbing element to people on their way to places of worship," the Portmadoc Council has given instructions that those in the vicinity of the Town Hall must be covered up on Sundays. In due course they will muzzle the birds.

The Limit in Prudery.

Driffield Charitable Society has refused to accept a gift of £25 from the local Constitutional Club on the ground that the money was part of the proceeds of a sweepstake. And to this extent has limited its own ability to render help to some in need. Would they but see themselves as others see them!

The Tyranny of Bigotry.

At the behest of the local Free Church Council, the Liverpool Justices refused an application for permission for entertainments to be given on a Sunday evening in fourteen cinema theatres in aid of the Liverpool Maternity Hospital, which is in urgent need of £100,000. The Hospital Appeal Director declared that over four hundred churches had been asked to take up special collections, but in most cases no reply had been received. There is no tyranny so unfeeling as that of bigotry.

Problems of Life.

WHEN LIFE DRAGS

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

AN American writer has said that Henry Ford is the greatest benefactor of humanity since the beginning of the Christian era, because he has enormously increased the mobility of the non-wealthy classes and correspondingly reduced the shadow of monotony.

This is a resounding claim, but it shows perception.

A casual observer might say that there was less monotony at present than at any previous period, that in fact most of our troubles spring from over-excitement of brain and nerve.

But monotony and over-strain frequently go together: they are a fruitage of our highly industrialised modern civilisation.

Men hate uninteresting tasks, and every task is uninteresting that is merely mechanical and calls for no initiative or personal resource.

The skilled craftsman, of the days before machinery had the joy of creatorship to stimulate him, and there are few delights to compare with that.

Prolonged unemployment is a deadly thing because it compels the mind to feed on itself without sufficient change or reason for effort.

That is why keeping masses of men in idleness is so great a peril to national well-being.

People prefer any kind of distraction to stagnation: hence discontent and emotional excesses.

This is as true of the idle rich as of the idle poor: boredom leads to evil.

Decent, healthy, useful occupation is essential to happiness; but when it passes into drab, uninspiring drudgery, with no hope of escape and no brightening interludes, it smothers the soul.

People often loathe each other for no reason except that they are tied up together in the same corner and are never off the chain.

Monotony is one of the most prolific sources of human misery; but we need not submit to it.

Keep mind and heart receptive to the best that is being thought and done in the world, and dullness disappears.

The Revenue of Cesare.

There is no end to the variety of ingenious devices by which undesirable aliens contrive to rob easy-going Englishmen. The method of Cesare Cellai, Italian of many aliases, was to frequent churches and cathedrals and rob offertory boxes with whalebone and birdlime, a profitable occupation judging by the seventy pounds odd found in his pockets. Deportation for such men is locking the stable door when the horse is gone. Let's have that law to prevent their importation.

Webb's Web.

Webb, the money-lending furniture dealer of High Road, Tottenham, seems to be impervious to exposure. Notwithstanding our repeated comments on his unsatisfactory methods, he continues to issue his misleading advertisements offering for eighteen guineas a complete home of furniture, "nearly new," which purports to be "stored" at his depositories. In view of the disappointment experienced by others, young couples setting up housekeeping should keep clear of his web.

A Housing Flat-trap.

Homeseekers should steer clear of "The London and Suburban Agency," 32, Victoria Street, London, S.W. The climax to a long series of complaints regarding this concern is a letter received by a reader who had paid a fee and applied for rooms at an address given. The landlord says he has no rooms to let, denies all knowledge of the Agency and declares they were never authorised to circulate prospective tenants on his behalf. The Agency is obviously a fee-snatching flat-trap of the worst description.

A Bilking Bookie.

Wal Edwards, of 54, Prescott Street, Liverpool, regards his obligations very lightly. At Epsom he took 10s. each way on Brownhylda for the Oaks from a reader and paid out only £2, handing over an I.O.U. for £5. When this was presented to him at Ascot he promised to send the money within a week, but has not yet done so. Repeated applications have been ignored, and a letter which we sent him over a month ago remains unanswered. Until he pays we must include him in our black list of bilkers.

A Portrait Enlargement Ramp.

We issue a warning against "The New Era Portrait Co.," 45, Chesterfield Road, Sheffield. A reader who paid them £1 8s. 6d. last May failed to obtain satisfaction and placed the matter in our hands. Our repeated applications on his behalf have produced nothing but polite excuses, and he is still without his enlargements. Any decent firm would at least have returned the money paid if they could not carry out the order, but the "New Era" people appear to have new ideas of business morality.

Trouble with Textiles.

Last May a reader sent 10s. to "The Lancashire Textile Company" (Sole Partner: B. A. Fawcett), Canal Mills, Preston, with an order for a bundle of mixed remnants in accordance with their advertisement. He received a small parcel of grey calico, which was useless to him, and at once returned it carriage paid with a request for the return of his money if his order could not be executed. After writing many times he is still without either goods or money, although in June he was informed that the goods were being dispatched "immediately." Perhaps this mention will secure attention.

High and Mighty.

"The Royal Scottish Society for Domestic Servants," 3, London Road, Kingston-on-Thames, claims to be "under exalted patronage," and adopts an appropriately lofty tone with dissatisfied subscribers. As thus: "Ladies as a rule have more than one source for suiting themselves with maids. In spite of spending the sum of 3s. 6d. in registering with us, they advertise in different papers, register in many other offices, and intimate their friends. As you seem to be depending solely on your 3s. 6d. for a servant, we will send you maids whenever you let us have a postcard that you require them." How perfectly sweet of them!

Lure of the Golden West

WHO is responsible for the cruel blunder of persuading thousands of unemployed men to leave the security of the Home Country and go to Canada for the harvest without adequate arrangements having been made for their welfare?

Beguiled by fair promises of highly paid work to be found in the Golden West, many of these men have sold all their possessions to pay their passage money. They were assured that 50,000 harvesters were required, and that experience in farm work was not essential.

Immediately on arrival in Canada they discovered how inefficiently the schemes for their settlement had been carried out.

Our mail bag is full of personal complaints and newspaper cuttings containing accounts of the terrible plights in which these emigrants find themselves.

Let us quote first of all from a letter from the Rev. Frank H. King, of Saskatchewan:

"For the last few weeks large numbers of men from England and Scotland have been arriving here, as the English papers say, 'to gather in Canada's wonderful harvest.' The harvest truly is good, but not so extraordinary that Canadians from down East cannot gather it in.

"There is absolutely no need to import harvesters from the Old Land, especially when it is considered that the work is at the most of eight weeks' duration. When that is done, what awaits the great majority of them? Unemployment in a land of inconceivable cold. No work, no home, foodstuffs not cheap, suitable clothing dear, and the mercury 30 to 50 degrees below zero!

"Each year one may read advertisements from the Town Councils in Western Canada such as 'Keep away from——! No relief will be granted this winter to any but residents!'

"Unemployment is bad enough in dear old England, but to be out of work in this country without even a workhouse to get a meal at is a dreadful experience."

The position of these emigrants would be bad enough if they were able to secure harvesting work for a month or two, but the Canadian newspapers are full of evidence that hundreds have been stranded from the moment of their arrival.

"We have been induced under false pretences to come to Canada," declared David Hendry, of Jamestown, Dumbarton. "The contract we signed to get the benefit of the special fare stipulates we must do thirty days' work on farms in order to be entitled to the special rate back to England. We are here, willing to work, but we cannot fulfil the contract because the farmers will not give us work."

Someone has blundered.

What has the High Commissioner for Canada to say?

Cupid in Trousers

IT is amazing in this unromantic world of ours how many lonely people can be deluded by the suave promises of money-grabbing matrimonial agents.

MARRIAGES, they say, are made in heaven. But they can also be arranged on earth by the kind assistance of a gentleman called R. Charlesworth, who resides at 19, 19a, 19b and 19c, Charing Cross Mansions, London, W.C.

Mr. Charlesworth is the Editor of a ninepenny journal called the "Matrimonial Post," and, if we are to believe all he says, he has been extraordinarily successful in introducing people who desire to wed.

It is a strange way to make a living, this business of being a professional Cupid. If the poets are to be credited, Love is an elusive mystery, which, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth.

Mr. Charlesworth goes one better. He has tamed Cupid, brought him into an office in Charing Cross Road, and there sets him actively at work amid such prosaic details as preliminary registration and other hallmarks of true Love. Charlesworth himself claims to have arranged nearly 20,000 marriages.

If you are a young woman, good-looking, cheerful and domesticated, and possessing a private income, you need not fear the loneliness of unrequited love, the cruel torment of a soul that has missed its affinity.

All you have got to do is to consult Mr. Charlesworth, pay him his fees, and he will find a husband for you, yanking him out of a cottage home, if that is the kind of husband you want, or, in the alternative, luring him out of the most fashionable mansion that society can boast.

For a service of this kind, fees are reluctantly charged. The preliminary registration fee varies from one guinea to five guineas, according to the requirements of the applicant. As Mr. Charlesworth observes with great dignity, this fee can in no way be considered as a remuneration, nor as a pre-payment for work which has yet to be done, but is in the nature of an equitable guarantee against ruinous expenditure on behalf of those whom he seeks to serve.

It is a beautiful picture of Mr. Charlesworth, only held back with great difficulty, and by the restraining effect of a registration fee, from rushing madly about the country introducing eligible spinsters and bachelors, and widows and widowers.

Mr. Charlesworth charges a guinea to introduce people, whose income is not more than fifty pounds a year; up to one hundred and fifty pounds a year, the fee is two and a half guineas; up to four hundred a year, the fee is five guineas, and, in cases of incomes above that, the fee is "by arrangement."

Should the lady not have an income, but only a lump sum, to be used for her and her eventual husband, the fee is two guineas for a thousand pounds, to ten guineas for over three thousand pounds.

Then there is a further commission payable to Mr. Charlesworth of two and a half per cent. on the fortune of the client wedded, plus a lump sum of ten pounds, which must always be paid on the date of marriage. When these little preliminaries have been arranged, Cupid takes up his bow and arrow and plants his dart in the client's heart.

There is no more delightful reading than the testimonials which grateful clients have sent to dear Mr. Charlesworth. One lady, whom he married to a Fleet engineer in the Royal Navy, had nearly thirty years' of happy married life. But, being now a widow, she hastens to get another husband, "feeling sure you will do your best for a former client." Another lady, whose "dear sweet husband" passed away some months ago, asked for an introduction to another kind amiable partner—with a small income, of course.

There are lots of testimonials like these. Let us quote one in full. "Dear Sir,—To-day I married Miss ———, to whom you introduced me in ——. She possesses property valued at £——, less mortgages on same £——, leaving £—— net value. I have much pleasure in forwarding cheque for £——, as per agreement, *i.e.* £—— on marriage, and 2½ per cent. on property over £400. Yours faithfully, ———."

Here again we can detect the true accent of love disguised in terms that suggest book-keeping by double entry, but cannot conceal the exquisite rapture of two hearts that beat as one.

Now we are going to give Mr. Charlesworth a testimonial that he will not include in his printed list.

A few months ago a young lady was introduced to a gentleman through Mr. Charlesworth's paper, the "Matrimonial Post." He proposed marriage and was accepted. He borrowed two hundred and fifty pounds of her hard-earned savings, and then faded away.

The documents in connection with this transaction are at the moment in the hands of the police, who are looking for this absconding matrimonial enthusiast.

We do not give the woman's name for obvious reasons, but we have verified her story. We tell it now with a word of warning to the foolish people who may be tempted to believe that all the men who advertise through matrimonial agencies for wives with money are likely to be decent and honourable.

The proportion of sharks among them is, on the contrary, likely to be so high that we strongly recommend the public to have nothing to do with professional matchmakers, even though they claim to be doing the "largest matrimonial business in the world."

Tea That Never Brews

"LINGER longer," or "Sweetness long drawn out," might well be the trade mark of a concern called "The United Tea Company," which, according to elaborate letter-heading, carries on the business of wholesale tea, coffee, and cocoa merchants, importers and exporters, and has head offices at 28, Page Street, Westminster, and a warehouse in Horseferry Road.

From this pretentious description small country shopkeepers would imagine that "The United Tea Company" is in a large way of business, and that the head offices hum incessantly with the throbbing of many typewriters and calculating machines, while the warehouse resounds with the rattle of crane chains and the shouts of men handling the choicest products of Ind and China.

A walk down Westminster way will quickly dispel any such delusion.

The concern appears to consist of an individual named D. Cranham, and the only company he has in the business is one young man.

The "Head Offices" comprise two small rooms in Page Street, and no matter how hard or long you look there is no justification for the use of imposing notepaper which suggests that the concern is one of importance and standing.

Just as tea left too long in the pot becomes rank and bitter, so the sweetness of the offers of "The United Tea Company" is apt to rankle by reason of the long, lingering process necessary to get Mr. Cranham and his "company" to carry out their undertakings.

Here is one instance of many.

A worthy couple of Spennymoor, who had opened a small shop, sent "The United Tea Company" £1 for twelve pounds of tea in April last. A month later they received a postcard stating that the order had been delayed owing to a fire, but would be executed as soon as possible.

Innumerable applications for the delivery of the goods, or, alternatively, the return of the money, met with no response, and it was not until a well-known Nonconformist minister had interviewed Mr. Cranham and threatened to report the matter to the police, that any effort was made to execute the order.

Then, five months later, "The United Tea Company" gave themselves "the pleasure of executing the esteemed order," and begged for further custom!

In the course of inquiries into this matter we have discovered that Scotland Yard has received many complaints of a similar nature. We suggest that a close eye should be kept on this concern.

Meanness of Rich Shipping Co.

ARE Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Thomas Fisher, heads of the great concerns we deal with here, aware of the amazing facts detailed below?

THE Canadian Pacific Steamship Company is a great and wealthy and powerful corporation, allied to the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the most imposing industrial concerns in the world. Canadians are naturally proud of the achievements and position of these famous institutions.

It is a pity, therefore, that their record should be marred as it has been by such a story as that of the s.s. *Marvale*. This eleven thousand ton liner left Montreal last May for Liverpool, with over three hundred passengers. Off the Newfoundland coast, in a dense fog, she struck a rock and became a total wreck. The passengers and all members of the crew were saved.

The usual official inquiry was held, and the finding was that the captain of the ship was guilty of an error of judgment in not using the lead. This clearly imposes a certain obligation on the company. Let us see how this obligation was met by the Company.

The passengers and crew were transferred to other Canadian Pacific liners and ultimately reached England. To deal first with the crew, it should be explained that when a ship sinks from that moment the wages of the crew stop. This is a procedure so mean that some steamship companies refuse to follow it.

When the *Trevessa* was lost, for instance, the owners paid full wages to the crew until the day of their arrival home. But the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company could not see its way to follow this precedent. The crew of the s.s. *Marvale* came home without a penny after the disaster, for which they, at least, were not responsible.

The purser of the *Marvale* travelled home with them. He was known to have brought away a considerable amount of money from the sinking ship. A deputation of the crew awaited on him at Newfoundland to ask for money for food.

The purser was unable to give it to them. He was bound by strict regulations.

The shipwrecked crew were reduced to picking up cigarette-ends on their homeward voyage and cadging money from passengers. That is the way to treat servants, the people who saved us in the great war!

* * *

It is a shocking, appalling story. The other side of the picture is not any more creditable.

Many of the passengers lost everything in the disaster—baggage, money and valuables.

On board the ship which eventually brought them to England, the shipwrecked passengers held a meeting, and sent a cablegram to the company giving details of their predicament. They received a reply promising that every consideration should be shown to them.

But great corporations move slowly, and to-day—four months after the shipwreck—some of these passengers are still seeking compensation without success.

Some of them are stranded here. They cannot get back to Canada. They have no clothes except what they stand up in. They have no money. They seem to have no prospect. Their outlook is one of hopelessness.

If they apply to the company they are told that it does not accept any responsibility for their position. It is a very hard thing to build up a fortune for shareholders, and apparently it can only be done by adopting a procedure which has no relation to generosity, though seemingly, it can be defended from a strictly legal point of view.

We do not believe that the shareholders, or the people of Canada, approve of this method of treating shipwrecked sailors and passengers. We suspect that what has happened is that some official, bound by regulations, and entirely without imagination, has acted in a way that brings grave discredit on the company which employs him. It is because we believe that this is the explanation of an otherwise incredible matter that we desire to draw the attention of the Canadian Pacific directors to it.

In the meantime, passengers who personally apply to the London offices of this great corporation in Waterloo Place, S.W., are told that the matter is still under consideration, and that instructions have not been received from Montreal to help them.

We say that this is a grave scandal. There is no way to compel the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company to imitate the generous action of the owners of the *Trevessa*, in paying a shipwrecked crew, instead of allowing it to suffer for an action for which it was in no way responsible.

But we certainly think that it is a disgrace that Canadian passengers, who entrusted themselves to this great concern, should be placed in the ignominious and humiliating position which they are now forced to occupy.

An official of the company states that, while he could not see his way to accept responsibility, he thinks that in a "very bad case" the company "might do something." This is not the spirit of generosity, or even justice. We are sure that Canadians are ashamed of such parsimony on the part of their fellow countrymen, and we look to the Canadian Steamship Company to make ample amends for their former tardiness in giving help.

Marie Dressler's Lame Excuse

NO greater sensation has been caused in recent theatrical annals than that produced by our out-spoken exposure of Miss Marie Dressler, the famous American actress, who is now in London. This lady is about to perform at the Alhambra Theatre, after which she will "star" in a new revue.

Miss Dressler has found it necessary to reply to the charges brought against her, but her reply is so feeble that it will be an astonishing thing if she can save the situation by the formula of words she has adopted.

Her explanation of the grossly offensive articles about England and the English, published over her signature, is simple. We do not think that anybody will consider it convincing. She says that she never writes articles herself, but always gets somebody else to do it. In this case she says her manager was the writer, and that he published the articles without her knowledge. Miss Dressler has been unfortunate in her managers, as well as in her friends. The articles attacking England were published in the *New York World*, one of the greatest newspapers in existence.

It is amazing that Miss Dressler should never have seen them, nor ever have heard them discussed by her friends. Certainly it would have strengthened her case if she had anywhere, at any time before the present crisis arose, repudiated these articles and publicly apologised for the gross sneers at Englishmen.

It is equally amazing that Miss Dressler was never told, either by her manager or by her friends, that she had not settled her accounts in London with the company she left stranded. Her explanation is that she handed over the money to her manager, was never informed that it had not been paid to the people to whom it belonged, and that she has only just learned the truth.

It is extremely difficult to understand a theatrical artiste who makes contractual liabilities, says she has paid them, and does not possess the common sense to ask for any receipts, or, indeed, for any proof that the debts had been paid.

What is even more remarkable is that while Miss Dressler was still in this state of unhappy ignorance, creditors in this country were writing in vain to America, trying to get satisfaction. This also appears to have been concealed from her.

We hope that Miss Dressler will keep to her promise, made on the day of our exposure, to pay her debts, and that when she returns to America she will refrain from the dangerous habit of getting other people to write slanderous articles about the people of England, whose guest she is.

Black Shirts and Bunkum

SINCE Mussolini created the Fascisti movement in Italy, he has found his cheap imitators in this country. Perhaps it is the picturesque character of the Fascisti Movement, or perhaps it is the purely mercenary character of R. C. Holroyd that prompted that worthy to disguise himself in the discarded mantle of Mussolini, and announce himself as the Keeper of the Fascisti Faith in Great Britain.

His scheme looks elaborately magnificent—*on paper*. Actually, it is delightfully simple. But far from novel, it is merely "Hand over your money."

In such ill-assorted advertising media as the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Herald*, he invited ex-Servicemen to join his "British Fascisti Movement." Those who replied were rewarded with an Enrolment Form which consisted of two Oaths of Secrecy with which the candidate has to enclose 2s. 6d.

Thus does the cloven hoof early reveal itself. The half-crown has to be sent "*before* any information" can be given.

R. C. Holroyd conducts this little wangle from 11, Hallam Street, London, W.1.

We have made repeated calls on these Headquarters, but have only succeeded in meeting a young woman and a child of six.

The information given is that "letters will be forwarded," which does not explain why our three communications to the "Commander" of this precious Movement have received no acknowledgment.

Holroyd claims to be the head—and, we suspect, the body and feet—of the Grand Council. He is aided and abetted by a Mr. Robinson, with an address at Earls Court.

These two Mussolinettes wear the insignia of the Movement—a tiny button-stud of yellow metal on a blue background, representing that classical hatchet reposing in its bundle of rods. They declare that the basis of the Movement is "that army of men who stood between their native land and the enemy from 1914 to 1918," and with a gesture of defiance they add that "Fascism will undertake the duty of organising the Empire."

This is only a part of what you can get for your half-crown; providing Holroyd gets your half-crown first. Because that is all he is after.

One enthusiast in Glasgow, after parting with his own half-crown, went to the length of advertising locally at his own expense. He succeeded in getting 32 others to send their half-crowns—*none of them even received an acknowledgment.*

Holroyd's particular little Fascisti should not be confused with the "British Fascisti," which bears the superficial stamp of respectability of their Headquarters in Elm Park Gardens.

It has been said that "Fascisti" is the Italian term meaning "Myself." Holroyd is a conscientious Fascist!

A Wise Man from the East

DR. STAVRO CONSTANTINE DAMOGLOU, M.D. (of Constantinople), and of 1, Albany Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W., is a man with a great idea. He believes that Health-Sanity is the only way for a better world of concord, contentment, efficiency, peace and prosperity.

What all this means we do not know. Neither, we suspect, does he. He endeavours to clear it up in his pamphlets, in which he says, with a fine contortion of grammar:

"My dear Friend,—All are in your hands by learning and practicing the principles on which the Bio-Medico-Psychagogical Science stands."

When you have mastered this, you may ask who on earth is Doctor Damoglou?

The answer is that he is not a registered or qualified medical practitioner in this country, which may—when it is generally known—hamper him in his desire to scatter "Health-Sanity" about this country, and contribute, as he offers to do, to the retrogression and disappearance of all our troubles.

His tendency to use long words makes it rather hard to understand what he is about. But, put simply and briefly in his own way, we gather that "Bio-Medical-Psychagogical Science" stands to train the people in the cardinal and secondary causes of functional and organic diseases, and to cure them before it is too late.

Excellent. The cure is effected by Solar-ray treatment. Solar-ray treatment, he explains, in his touchingly simple way, is a scientific substitute of the sun, with all the attributes and characteristics of sunlight. That is, light, heat, visible radio activity, and the seven colours of the spectrum.

Once you grasp this, and the pleasing and gratifying fact that there is no such thing as being incurable, you can generously offer to support Dr. Damoglou's institute. You may well ask yourself why Dr. Damoglou does not start rescuing humanity in the native quarters of Constantinople.

These unregistered and foreign miracle-workers, moving in a cloud of words, functioning in a fog of sentences, are out of place in this country, even though they have come to the conclusion that all their abominably brutal conflicts, all the desolating, disastrous disputes, all the horrors and miseries of poverty, all the suffering, all volcanic explosions, all civil wars or revolutions all strikes and world wars, as well as the present industrial and commerical deadlock are associated with physical ill-health and mental deficiency.

We suggest to Doctor Damoglou that he might well try his Solar-ray treatment on himself and eliminate the chaotic deadlock and impasse out of his own mind. Then we shall listen to him more respectfully on the alluring subject of mental deficiency.

"Posh" Patsy's Career of Crime

The slickest confidence Trickster from U.S.A. is still taking rich hauls from gullible folk in the West End of London.

LEADING our detectives as pretty a dance as they have ever had in their lives, relieving people of large sums of money by means of the "confidence" trick, and acting as the ringleader of a gang of swindlers, one of the world's most audacious crooks goes merrily on with his games in England to-day.

Scotland Yard "sleuths" are apparently helpless in face of this man's activities, but as we give here the story of his exploits, and reveal the location of his haunts we look to the authorities to effect a speedy arrest.

As far as can be traced, the man's real name is Thomas Martyn O'Riley, but for his many "business" enterprises he has assumed such names as Thomas, Robinson, Martin, O'Farrell, Andrews, Baker, and Baker Thomas; and he is known to his intimates as "Posh" Patsy.

Some time ago O'Riley parted company with the famous American prison, Sing Sing, and since then he has been parting other people from their money. He is a man of considerable personality, and he and his gang of well-dressed rogues were disciples of the notorious "millionaire crook," William Warren—now in a French jail.

O'Riley is about fifty years of age, fair and clean-shaven, and he possesses a captivating Irish brogue.

When he left Sing Sing he was escorted down to the nearest landing-stage by the American authorities, and on arriving in Ireland he continued a life of crime until a friendly policeman gave him the tip that the country was getting too hot for him. Escaping arrest by the skin of his teeth, O'Riley reached England, where for some time he worked for William Warren, assisting him in many of his coups.

Finally he started a gang of his own.

One of O'Riley's earliest coups in this country occurred last year when he made a victim of a Mr. Ernest Bakewell, who was staying at a Kensington hotel. One day in Kensington Gardens a man fell into easy conversation with Bakewell. He was one of O'Riley's confederates. The gang had discovered that Bakewell was a wealthy man—a discovery revealed by "testing" hotel servants and clerks.

The pair sauntered along enjoying the sunshine, and turning City-ward they entered the Strand. Here O'Riley was waiting for them. Dropping his gloves in front of them, he thanked Bakewell for his service in picking them up, and casually entered into conversation.

Exuding prosperity, he invited Bakewell and the other (whom he did not profess to know) to lunch, and at the meal he confessed that his name was Martyn, that he was a member of a rich American family, and that he had been entrusted, under the will of an uncle, to distribute a large sum of money to charity.

Much of it had already been given to the deserving poor of New York, but he still had a lot to get rid of, and finally he suggested that, as he was staying in England for some time, Bakewell (who lived in Ohio) should undertake the distribution of it. To prove his bona fides he handed to his confederate a bundle of counterfeit notes.

Then the confidence trick came off, Bakewell allowing the swindler to make off with £1,000 of his to show his confidence in him! The confidence was sadly misplaced. O'Riley and the other were never seen again.

O'Riley has been working this game, with variations, until it is difficult to believe people will fall for it. Casually wandering round Westminster Abbey, posing as a tourist with a guide book in his hand, he got into conversation with a Mr. William Rudger, of New York, and they joined company. It was so nice to meet a fellow American! Crook number two came up in due course, a man named Blackie, and Mr. Rudger's love for brother Americans lost him £1,400.

Shortly after this, the master crook posed as "Father Quinn" in Whitehall, and with Blackie's aid again got nearly £400 from another American tourist. As "Lord Seley," he wheedled £800 from another individual, and among a number of other successful coups, got a fat wad of notes and some jewellery from a Mr. Evans, at a well-known West End hotel.

In the name of Patrick O'Farrell he collared £140, a gold watch and a diamond ring from a gentleman he courteously showed round London on July 17, and in August he took from Mr. William Stephens, of New York, £400 in cash and valuables.

This Prince of Crooks even used the Japanese earthquake for his purpose, defrauding a Japanese named Nito of £500, with the story that he was going to distribute his "fortune" among the disaster sufferers!

How much longer will this smooth-tongued scoundrel be allowed to bleed the innocent people he comes in touch with?

Mystery of a Young Peer

NO more disgraceful case has ever occupied the time of a British Court than that of Major Hope, the West Country magistrate, who was sentenced a few days ago for his part in the dissemination through the post of letters and pictures that his own counsel was forced to describe as the filthiest he had ever been called upon to comment on in connection with any case.

It was admitted in Court that through watching another man named Hyde, the police had obtained possession of many letters, making it clear that not only Major Hope, but hundreds of other people, some in even more exalted positions, were in the habit of corresponding with one another in a similar filthy strain, and of meeting in order to indulge in their beastliness.

Why was Hope alone brought to book? Admittedly his case was a bad one, but it was not the worst by any means. One of those implicated was a young peer who has been going the pace in London for some time, and is openly spoken of as being an utter degenerate.

It was made clear in the correspondence seized that this young ornament of the nobility was the moving spirit in an attempt to form a Club of Degenerates of his own stamp, and was in fact in the habit of holding sessions at his rooms almost within sight of Buckingham Palace.

Some of these revels were graphically described with all the disgusting details for the edification of those "denied the pleasure of personal presence."

The police interviewed the peer involved, satisfied themselves that he was really the person he represented himself to be, satisfied themselves also that he had been a party to introducing into decent Society some of his degenerate associates, that he had frequently taken part in orgies at his chambers in town, at which these men-women had been guests.

Yet nothing further was done. The peer was, it is true, frightened and fled to Paris, but there he lost no time in opening up communication with the devotees of his foul cult. His activities attracted the attention of the authorities of the French capital within a week of his arrival, and he was ordered to move on. He did so, seeking in Germany a congenial "Spiritual Home."

We have before now commented on the way in which scoundrels of this type are aided by the existence of so-called correspondence clubs or circles for the lonely. In this latest case the police satisfied themselves that scores of the degenerates had made use of these clubs.

Among the seized correspondence was a letter written by one of the beasts to the principal of an advertising Correspondence Circle, expressing gratitude for the assistance rendered in putting him into touch with ideal friends, who had "turned his dull life into one round of joy." The police know the evils inseparable from these clubs, and they know that in no case was the slightest inquiry made by the promoters into the character of the members.

It is useless expecting the fee-snatching principals to move. But surely it is time the authorities acted by putting an end to the abuses inevitable with such clubs.

TWENTY-FOUR BOB PER DIEM

A Nation's Driving Force

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

NO less a personage than a real live bishop has been credited with the remark that the condition of the working man is more important than the Athanasian creed.

If we could get it into the wooden heads of our masters, as well as our pastors, that at bottom the condition of the working man is the only consideration the State has any right to worry about, we should have gone a great way towards solving the knottiest of our national problems.

For, after all, what is the State but our poor old friend, the working man? Let him cease to function, let him cease to earn the general bread by the sweat of his foolish brow, let him become a drone and a non-producer, let him, in short, knock the epithet "working" out of his title—and bang goes your State. It may be the richest and most powerful State the sun ever shone upon; its glory may seem to be the special perquisite of kings and great captains, not to mention "far-seeing" statesmen, but look deeply into it and you will find that it has been based and built up on nothing but the work of working men.

AND if your State is to persist, and move forward and keep itself free from the changes which make for decay, the work of the working man must always be behind it—and underneath it like the everlasting arms—there being no other prop to hold up a state, and no other motive force to drive it.

That is why "unemployment"—which some people speak of as lightly as they might speak of roup among chickens—is, as a fact, the deadliest of all the menaces to nationhood. An unemployed person is simply a person of whose work or labour the community is depriving itself. The cost of him in the way of doles, the danger of him as a person who perceives that the State is serving him badly and who consequently falls an easy prey to the propaganda of the enemy within the gate, may be reckoned comparatively slight matters. It is in the circumstance that the country is losing the labour of his hands that the menace lies.

Unemployed brawn and unemployed brains are terrible things from the individual point of view, but they are much more terrible still from a national point of view.

I GATHER that at the present moment the British productive machine happens to be from one to two million workers short of its quota or complement. The workers are there all right, but somebody has forbidden them to function. We call them the "unemployed." The resultant shortage in British product amounts to exactly the sum of what they would have produced if they had been at work. Obviously the State is so much the poorer, so much the worse off, and so much the weaker as a State.

I believe it can be shown that the peoples who are beating us are doing it with an instrument called "mass production." By dint of mass production in the motor-car industry alone, America has taken many millions of pounds—and their value in employment—out of this country. Germany, and to some extent France, have done ditto ditto. Yet if you say "mass production" to the average British pundit, let alone the average British trade-unionist, he immediately retorts, "Soul-destroying!"

In English factories where "mass production" has lately been adopted by way of experiment they seem to be paying 24s. a day in the way of wages. Frankly I am heart—and soul—with them. Any "working" man whose soul is to be destroyed by such emolument hasn't got over and above too much "soul." Give the working population of Great Britain 24s. a day without bringing up food prices beyond the present beautiful level, and I will back them to produce their souls untarnished on the day of judgment.

Wake up England, speed up England, produce ever such a little bit more "product" England—and pay the noblest work of God, namely the poor old British "working" man, his twenty-four bob per diem, punctually and without fail every Friday, and I wouldn't thank you for the finest American—or German—who ever breathed the breath of life!

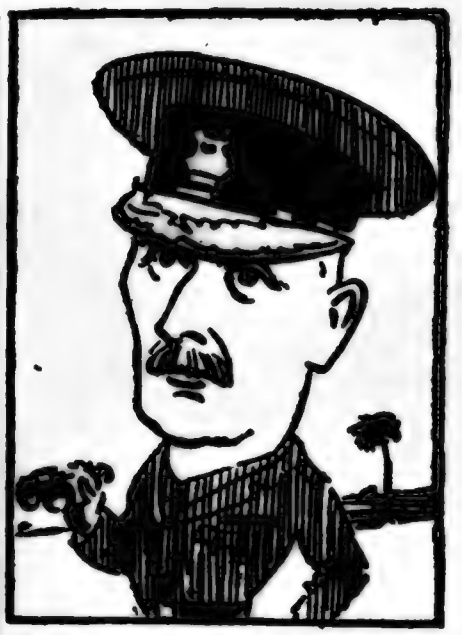
SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT is rare indeed for a soldier to display the qualities of a statesman, though it is common enough for a statesman to display the qualities of a soldier. The majority of our rulers spend half their time in barking and bickering. Like dogs, they can growl and fight and show their teeth. And that's about all they can do with any degree of efficiency.

But we have suddenly discovered a statesman who, by some curious oversight, has been commanding the Army of the Black Sea for the last two or three years. A statesman, too, who hails from Sandhurst, not from Oxford. Amazing! . . . The mere fact that this phenomenon has been named "Peacemaker Harington" is a proof that statesmen, men of sense, in any department of life, are as rare as autumn gooseberries. Not until we nickname someone "Warmaker" will it be safe to assume that there must be a few statesmen knocking about.



Sir Charles Harington, K.C.B.

SIR Charles Harington is *not* a typical Englishman. He is by no means exceptionally popular among his own mess-mates. He has none of those endearing qualities which are so necessary to the man whose chief ambition in life is to be called a "jolly old sport." He is too worried about his duties ever to relax and become "one of the boys." He is too conscientious to be expansive.

I doubt whether he has ever been properly understood by those in contact with him. A man who had worked directly under him for eighteen months characterised him thus: "A splendid fellow to work for and with. But one never knows what to say to him when the day's duty is done. Conversation with him is punctuated by awkward silences." The truth is that he's absorbed in his job, whatever it may be, and when he's not doing it, he's still thinking about it. Even when he's joking, he seems preoccupied.

THERE is something very suggestive about the fact that the Turks undoubtedly like him. So many of our soldiers have come to grief in that quarter that his popularity in Constantinople cannot be due solely to his sense of justice and straight-dealing. We must probe deeper for the reason. As I have said, he is not a "whisky-and-soda" soldier. He doesn't believe that the British Empire can any longer toddle about on the prestige of past glories and conquests. And never for one moment has he deluded himself with the fancy that every problem of the moment can be solved or brushed aside by a good bedside-manner, a drink in time, or a dark hint at what might happen if the drink doesn't go down and the bedside-manner doesn't effect a cure!

TO put the matter plainly, he is a Briton who believes that the Empire is great enough to win her battles without resorting to arms. "We don't want to fight," is his motto; and he is so certain that force never finally did any good in the world that nothing would induce him to add "But by jingo if we do!"

His peculiar gifts will be wasted in the Northern Command. He should be given a free hand somewhere in the East.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

We've often heard this stupid bird,
Some danger to withstand,
By instinct led will shove its head
Deep in the desert sand.

Of Dichards hundreds we have got,
And Dryhards there are many,
Of Cryhards too we've quite a lot,
But Tryhards hardly any.

The world's athirst for peace they say,
But if that's so we think
The time seems very far away,
When it will get a drink.

That threats of war are in the air,
There's little cause to wonder,
When wild dictators here and there,
Are breathing blood and thunder.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings has been sent to each of the writers of the first five letters printed on this page.

"THE answers to the letters sent to you each week are read by me with interest. Yet I feel that your answer to 'May and December' will not bring her the help and comfort she desires, which this letter of mine may do.

May and December

"At twenty-eight years old I was left by tragic circumstances penniless and homeless with two baby boys to bring up. I was unable to work for them and keep them with me so was forced to part from them for a time—sending the elder, then only four years old, to a cheap boarding-school, and the baby out to nurse.

"No one knows the absolute loneliness of my life, separated from my children, and the hardships I had to endure to earn enough on which to keep them and myself.

"I endured all this for over twelve months, then there came into my life a gentleman of over sixty.

"From the commencement of our friendship everything seemed changed. Loneliness passed for we, too, found that all our thoughts and ideals were alike, and after five months of friendship he asked me to be his wife.

"My relatives, who had held out no helping hand to me in my trouble, one and all were set against our marriage (more by his lack of wealth than by his age, I fancy), yet I listened not to anyone, only to my own heart alone.

"We were married. That is three years ago now, three years of undivided happiness and contentment. My husband is all that I can wish for, yea, more than I could wish for; he is a kind and loving father to my boys, a good husband, an ideal lover and a good friend. We have had no child, and we hope for many many years together, and I hope that in his old age I may be such a comfort to him as he has been to me."

"Humanist" says: *I willingly publish this letter. I have received a number of others, all in the same strain. I get so many letters detailing stories of unhappy married life that it is a pleasure to look sometimes on the other side of the shield.*

"I AM an engineer, married some twelve months ago to a lady of title. Before the war I was a ne'er-do-well living in a small woollen manufacturing town in Yorkshire. My family was one of the working type, content to live in a squashed crowded neighbourhood where the very conditions of life invite immorality.

Wastrel Who Made Good

"When I left the elementary school with a testimonial to my ability of which anyone might well be proud, I began a spell of laziness and vagabondage, which went so far as to involve me in two minor cases of theft and one of poaching. I became known to the police, and was one of the notorious characters of the district.

"My chance came when war broke out in 1914. My ability carried me to the rank of major in the Royal Engineers, and when I was demobilised I had no difficulty in obtaining a grant (from the then-existing scheme for ex-officers) which enabled me to pass a three years' engineering course at a university. To-day I am partner in a large firm.

"A few months ago I was chagrined to learn that my wife and her cousin are relatives of a well-known manufacturer of my native town. We have often been invited to pay a visit to his house. Neither my wife nor our friends in the class of society in which we move know anything of my past history.

"The invitations are now becoming suspiciously pressing in their character. If I accept and return to the neighbourhood near to my old haunts, I shall be known and pointed out at once as ——— the wastrel, convicted thief and poacher. The details would soon spread. My firm would distrust me, perhaps dispense with my services; I fear the ostracism of my friends and the scorn of a wife, who up to now has worshipped me as the ideal man. I feel my new-found happiness will be taken from me. Whatever must I do?"

"Humanist" says: *Decline the invitation. Go on with your work. You are a partner, not an employée. In any case you are a good engineer, and a great profession is always open to talent, plus proved character. If all worried over youthful peccadilloes we should all lose our nerves.*

"HUMANIST, what would you advise? I have a case in hand just now in which damages are being sought from a wealthy corporation, by the parent of a four-year-old child who received serious personal injuries as a result of the fault of a servant of the Corporation. The parent has been over two years out of employment, and is unable to pay a penny of the outlays connected with the action in Court.

A Lawyer in a Dilemma

"I, as the solicitor in the cause, am personally liable for these outlays which may be anything from £35 to £50 or even more. Two courses are open to me—to drop the case (which I hate to do), or go on and risk all. If things go well, well; if things go ill, I lose £50 or thereabouts in hard cash and a year's work. The Corporation won't pay unless compelled to do so."

"Humanist" says: *Not knowing your circumstances I cannot advise you to take a financial risk of this nature. But if you can afford it I should be glad to think that you were willing to do so to help a hapless parent and an injured child. Otherwise it seems a case for the Poor Persons Department.*

CAN you advise me in this matter? My father left a good business to myself and sister—we are both spinsters. The manager suggested that it should be turned into a limited company, for greater security.

The Man in Office

"We agreed, as we hold the majority of the shares. The manager made himself managing-director for life. We cannot control him in anyway.

"We get no dividends—but he gets his salary, which he has increased twice. He orders us out of the office, and says that if we have anything to say, we should say it at the annual general meeting."

"Humanist" says: *As you and your sister are the largest shareholders you can prevent your managing-director from increasing his salary beyond the agreed salary on his appointment. But clearly this is a matter for a solicitor. It is very difficult to control a life director, but there are ways of doing it, too involved to explain here.*

"I AM a young man of twenty-five and met a girl of twenty-four about twelve months ago. She has grown to love me very much, but I do not seem to return her affection. She is a very vivacious girl I really thought many of her affectionate actions were just her way; until after I hadn't seen her for several weeks she wrote me, declaring her love, and begging me to come and see her. (She is staying with an old aunt in the same village that I live in.) I've never returned her affectionate actions, but after receiving her letter I wrote saying I was very very sorry that our friendship had produced in her the feelings she described, and promised to see her.

One-Sided Love

"I almost thought I returned her love a few days ago, but think it is pity. Pity for her, in loving me for naught. To think that she loves me with all her heart and soul, and that I don't seem to be able to return it brings tears to my eyes, for I well know the terrible ache of her warm little golden heart, having loved in vain myself. She knows I do not love her, although I've never said so in words. Shall I still go on seeing her? Do you think her love will ever bring up a love for her in my own heart? I miss her when away from her, and feel quite lost, and feel as though I *must* see her to try and comfort and ease her poor little aching heart.

"What must I do 'Humanist'? Is marriage with love on one side only likely to be a success? Please say if there are any further points you wish to know, before advising."

"Humanist" says: *You obviously like and respect the girl and I think your marriage would be quite successful. But the loftiest ideal is mutual love and without it one misses the highest form of happiness.*

The Bribe-taker.

"I know a policeman who takes bribes from crooks. I have threatened to expose him, but he says he will 'get me time' if I do. He is on a trusted position, but is a mean humbug."

Have nothing to do with this man. He will be caught sooner or later and you will be well advised to keep clear of the mess.

Arrears of Salary.

"My daughter, aged nineteen, is a revue artist. The manager is not paying her salary regularly. Is there any way of dealing with him?"

Send me on a copy of the contract and I will see if anything can be done. Many cases of this kind have been effectively dealt with by a hint of publicity.

Friend or Enemy?

"It is in my power to ruin a man whose confidence I share, but who should be sent to jail for his duplicity. His father is Lord ——. My position unnerves me, as I know not the right action to take—silence or sacrifice."

Blackmail is blackmail—even though its victim is a rascal. Why drag in the father?

Living on His Wits.

"My younger brother, aged nineteen, is living in a West End hotel. I asked him where he got the money. His only reply was: 'I am very clever with cards.'"

See the hotel manager, and ask him to advise your brother to return home. He will do no good living on his wits, and may be more amenable to advice from an outsider than from his own.

White and Black.

"I am a coloured man, gravely hurt by the constant criticism in JOHN BULL about negroes. I admit the facts are true. But *I* am really a *clean* coloured man. Is there no place in England for such as I?"

The colour of a man's skin does not matter. It is his conduct only that counts. If you live up to your professions, you will have nothing to complain of in this country.

The Bad Father.

"My father, a stockbroker, is living a double life, and my mother, realising the truth, is contemplating suicide. My medical adviser says she should be sent to a mental home, a step which would assist my father in his faithlessness."

You must act on your doctor's advice. If you don't you may lose both father and mother. Have a heart-to-heart talk with your father and appeal to him to do the right thing.

Pestered by Postcards.

"The vicar of a country parish, I am receiving anonymous and indecent postcards. I suspect they come from an organist I dismissed for improper conduct. Am I justified in revealing to anyone my suspicions?"

You are justified in complaining to the police, and in answering any questions they ask you. Further responsibility will be theirs.

Sequel to the Earthquake.

"My lodger, a Japanese commercial traveller, whom I have known for over three months, has been ruined by the earthquake, and asks me to lend him a hundred pounds, which his firm will ultimately repay. I am a widow, with young children. Should I comply?"

His firm may have been wiped out. Refer him to the Japanese Embassy, who will help him to tide over his difficulties. It would certainly be an imprudent investment.

My Talks with the Dead

The Claims of a Spiritualist

by SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

IT is the policy of JOHN BULL to concern itself with the problems that concern the people. And what problem could be more vital to every human being than the question of the after-life? Here, one of the greatest living exponents of Spiritualism sets forth his views.

FOR thirty-six years I have studied psychic questions. I actually wrote an article upon them in the year 1887, so that I put myself on record. During this long period I have read voluminously, I have experimented constantly with mediums good or bad, I have noted and studied my results, and finally I have written six books about the matter. I hope then that I may say that my conclusions are not shallow and that they are founded upon as complete a study as can be afforded in one human lifetime. If so it follows that they should be met not by prejudice or contempt, but by sober examination.

For the results are of enormous importance—far the most important advance in knowledge which the human race has ever made. We Spiritualists say that we can teach the doctors the real nature of death, and the clergy the real nature of after-death conditions. It is a huge claim and it should be met by rigid criticism and tested in every fashion, save only by unreasonable ridicule.

WHEN I say that I believe these things to be true I understate the case. I *know* them to be true. How can we know anything in this world save by the evidence of our senses? Everyone of my senses has joined to assure me that death is not an impenetrable barrier, and that those who have shed their mortal bodies can, none the less, give us sure proofs that they continue to exist. My eyes have seen the faces of the "dead," my ears have heard their voices, my hands have touched them, my memory has responded to their reminiscences, my experience has confirmed what they have told me.

These things have not occurred when I was alone and might have deceived myself, but in the presence of others who have seen and heard as I did, and who had their own independent proofs. They have not been imagined because I desired them. On the contrary, I started from absolute materialism and fought against the facts until I could fight no longer.

Do I exaggerate then when I say with a most solemn sense of responsibility that I know that these things are true.

LET me take instances, a few among many. Sitting with Mr. John Tickner, an amateur medium of New York, he went into trance and my mother used his organs of speech. "Do you remember how hot it was the day we parted? Do you remember that I was tired? Do you recall taking my pulse?" And so on—every word true. Whence came that information? Is it not more reasonable to accept the plain explanation which the voice itself gives than to deal with tangled and improved "explanations" of cryptomnesia and the like, which break down utterly when applied to objective phenomena.

Another case. My brother, General Doyle, came back by direct voice, Evan Powell being the medium. He discussed the health of his widow with complete knowledge. He mentioned the name of a healer in Copenhagen whom he wished her to consult. I found, on inquiry, that there was such a man. If that voice was not that of my brother whose voice was it?

Yet another. I have seen in good light a solid object moving about without human contact in accordance with the requests which we made to some invisible agent. That agent was clearly intelligent. What can an invisible intelligent agent be save a spirit?

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE,

Whose lectures and writings on Spiritualism have aroused interest throughout the whole world.

I COULD fill this journal with the cases which have come under my personal observation. But it is notorious that many of the world's best intellects, who speak with far more authority than I, have had the same experiences and come to the same conclusions. Lately at Munich Dr. Notzing has demonstrated the phenomena to a hundred scientific men who all assented, and Dr. Geley has recently done the same to forty representative men in Paris. The man who now denies the phenomena is simply ignorant and behind the times.

The real fight is between the super-materialist who would explain the phenomena by extended human powers, and the Spiritualist who sees the intervention of a second personality. The champion of the former school is at present Professor Richet, of the latter Sir Oliver Lodge. Richet's great book is a classic as regards the material happenings, but it shows such misapprehension of the whole spiritual position that it loses its value.

If these are the dead why should communications often be of low quality? "We should expect them to be semi-divine," says Richet. But a scientific man should not expect, he should observe, and follow facts. The whole spiritual thesis is that death makes no change in the individual and therefore it is a confirmation of that thesis when we get low level messages. On the other hand, if we aspire to high things then we find ourselves in exalted company and get the very highest teaching that has reached the earth for two thousand years. I have had, through the hand of my own wife, in my own home, messages of such beauty that I do not know where, in all religious literature, I can find anything so lofty and inspiring.

It is objected that if we are in touch with disembodied beings they should be able to solve all our earthly problems.

This is plausible but unsound. Their intellects are only a little more advanced than our own and they have their own lives and problems to engage their energies. There are many cases on record where they *have* interfered in material matters, and sometimes, as through Joan of Arc in France, they have settled the fate of nations, but it is evident that their constant interference would weaken our own energies. They are there to teach us our destiny, to remove our fears of death, to mitigate the grains of separation, and to establish religion upon a basis of knowledge rather than of faith. This teaching can of course only come from the higher spirits. As to the lower it is we who are in a position to teach them.

WHAT do these higher spirits teach us? They give us full accounts of their own death, of the conditions which they found awaiting them, of the infinite mercy and Justice of God, of the dismal results of ignorance and sin. They picture a life quite different from anything which the theologians have described—a life of gradual evolution, of the continued use of our natural faculties, a busy, happy, rational existence with familiar surroundings translated into more ethereal terms.

They include bigotry among the more serious of the sins and enjoin us to be broad and charitable, but they deplore the complete separation of all present Christian sects from direct contact with spiritual forces, and their ignorance as to the fate awaiting them. Such are the messages which reach us, accompanied by the closest detail as to their present conditions. Some say that this is the devil's teaching, but if so it must surely be admitted that Satan is a reformed character.

IT is true that we find no support in the modern churches, though they talk of that Communion of saints which we practise, but when we explore backwards to the New Testament or to the pre-Nicene fathers we find ourselves entirely at home. Paul's list of the gifts of the Spirit are exactly those which we find in our mediums, and cover all psychic phenomena.

The disciple John enjoins us to "Try the spirits." Every word and act of the Great Master has its clear message to us. We feel that we, by devious roads, have come back upon that old inspired faith from which the churches have wandered, and that it is needed now for the regeneration of the world.

Our aim is to simplify Christianity, banish the letter of theology from it, get indirect touch with the spirit, unite religion and science, and give the world certainty as to its object and destiny.

OUR progress has been slow but it has been steady, and in the last few years it has wonderfully accelerated. Wherever I have gone in Australia, New Zealand, the United States, Canada, or here in the old country, I have found that those who are brought face to face with the facts are prepared to give them serious consideration.

We have to fight the conservatism of the old churches and the prepossessions of official science. We suffer also from our own faulty presentment of our case, and from the folly or roguery of many who use us for their own selfish ends. Above all we have to contend with the opposition of materialists.

IT is this materialism which has been the cause of all our worldly woes, though it may and does often disguise itself under religious terms. We are destined to destroy it, fighting it with its own weapons of reason and scientific demonstration.

But before we can win the human heart must be chastened and made receptive, and chastening comes with trouble. The world war was the first stage. I fear it will not be the last.

Arthur Conan Doyle

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—In various parts of the country men are being penalised on account of their objection to vaccination. Methods of compulsion in any form do not find favour with the British people, who are demanding that you shall take definite steps to end this vexed medical controversy. Whether vaccination is the sure preventive claimed by the doctors, or whether it is the dangerous bogey that many assert, it is plain that scientific enlightenment is sorely needed. Settle the question now.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM CLARK, Comptroller-General, Department of Overseas Trade.

SIR,—Since your old chief, Mr. Lloyd George, founded your department, I am afraid that you have preferred to hide your light under the proverbial bushel. Your department exists for the purpose of assisting British trade in such circumstances as the Japanese Disaster. What are you going to do about it? Are you going to assist British contractors to participate in the reconstruction of Tokio and Yokohama? Or has the Foreign Office caught you in the meshes of its own red tape? If so you will have the country behind you if you care to use the office shears.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. E. F. L. WOOD, M.P., President of Board of Education.

SIR,—Your services are very much required at Lowestoft to straighten out the stupid mess into which the Education Committee has plunged itself. For six months half the children of the town have not been attending school, and the educational life of the district is at a terribly low ebb. This is due to the Committee refusing to honour the Burnham agreement and in locking out teachers who will not be driven to an act of treachery to that contract. All the weight of opinion is against the Committee who, however, prefers to go its own pig-headed way while 1,500 kiddies start life handicapped by a defective education.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON EVANS, Bt., M.P., Postmaster-General.

SIR,—A year ago Brixton Hill was repaved by the Council at a cost of £10,000, borne by the ratepayers. Now Brixton Hill is to be torn up again for the purpose of laying a telephone cable. The cost of this will be borne by the taxpayers. The Post Office seems to be making a habit of this sort of tomfoolery and money is being recklessly squandered. It's about time someone in your department was pulled over the coals. Please see to it.

JOHN BULL.

PERSISTENT VOICES

Tranquillity has produced no remedy for our ills. Immediate action is needed to find a solution to our numerous domestic problems

To General Sir Wm. HORWOOD, Scotland Yard.

GALLANT SIR,—It is possible that you are managing to extract a certain amount of professional pride from the increasing number of dope-traffic cases taken to Court. Be it far from me to spoil your jubilation, but you must not lose your sense of proportion. After all, what you are doing is to bring to book the poor unfortunates who are merely the minor tools in the hands of the chief traffickers. Do you mean to tell me that with all the resources of Scotland Yard, it is only possible to deal in a fragmentary manner with this huge trade? Are the men—and women—at the head of the vicious traffic to snap their fingers in your face? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. EARL OF DERBY, K.G., Secretary of State for War.

MY LORD,—That was a sorry action the War Office took against ex-sergeant-major Wilkes who was ordered to pay 15s. 3d. per week for the two months he had remained in married quarters after his discharge. A soldier of twenty-one years service, Wilkes was under the impression that three months' notice should have been given. This is not the kind of action we have come to associate with you, and to claim that it was a matter of principle is a lame excuse. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. KEYNES, Chairman, Board of Guardians, Cambridge.

MADAM,—In the name of the public I demand that all the facts concerning the dismissal of William Jaggard, the Relieving Officer, should be made public. It may be that there is nothing very bad against the man—all the less reason for holding the proceedings in camera. Your duty to the ratepayers, whose money Jaggard has had to handle, should impel you to make public all the facts. If Jaggard has a clean record, he cannot object to publicity; if the reverse is the case why is he being shielded? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. PAT COLLINS, M.P., Walsall.

SIR,—There seems to be a considerable divergence between your words and your deeds. You won your seat in the House on the unemployed question, and stated that you would do all in your power to solve this problem. And now I see you have just returned from Germany, where you have purchased several thousand pounds worth of stock which could very easily have been made in your own constituency. Then you rub salt into the wound by comparing the "fat and prosperous" German workers with the "starved faces" you see in Walsall. Cannot you see that your German trading makes "fat and prosperous" Germans and the "starved faces" in Walsall?

JOHN BULL.

To AUSTIN HOPKINSON, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

SIR,—In the course of good-natured advice to the workers I notice that you claimed to have proved "by experiment" that a man can be just as happy on £2 10s. a week as on £10,000 a year. Unfortunately you forgot that most of the men that you were addressing have, as yet, had no opportunity of making such a pleasant comparison. So I am left wondering whether your experience of the fifty-bob life—happy as you say it was—would not have been a little less enjoyable if you did not have the knowledge that if you exceeded that amount there was a hefty bank balance to draw upon for an occasional "sub." Anyhow, you can take it from me that every fifty-bob-a-week man in the country would jump at the chance of making the same experiment.

JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

WAKE UP, MR. BALDWIN!

The Farmers' Plaint

THE farmer's traditional tendency to grumble is perhaps due to our climate, which, the pessimists say, furnishes us with two bad seasons out of three. But it is not altogether likely to be forgotten that, though the farmers are in a trying predicament now, it cannot be denied that they did very well during the war.

Yet there is obviously something seriously wrong when the National Farmers' Union declares that many farmers have no alternative now but to give up tillage and mixed farming, which gives the maximum employment on the land, and fall back on live stock farming, which gives the minimum.

The real difficulty, obviously, is that while the consumer has to pay scandalously high prices, the farmer does not get enough for his produce to pay rent and taxes and wages, and make a living profit for himself.

The solution seems to lie in a combination of two factors. The farmer must improve his methods, must make more effective and scientific efforts to get the most out of the land.

On the other hand there is real need for improvement in the machinery of distribution. Our food is bearing far too many charges, carrying far too many intermediate profits, on its way from the producer to the consumer.

The National Farmers' Union might well devote itself to these two aspects of the problem, which offer the best hope of saving the situation.

Cruelty of Science

THE Paris scientist who has frankly invited the world to consider the advisability of putting painlessly to death all children who are cripples, imbeciles and epileptics, has raised a controversy which invokes at least a passing tribute to his courage.

The plain fact is that humanity revolts against the calm scientific spirit that takes so detached a view of this form of "killing no murder." The sanctity of human life has been one of the safeguards of existence. It will not be easily abandoned now.

Where is the line to be drawn? That is the practical, as well as the moral difficulty. The halt and the blind and the lame have in many cases contributed to the artistic and spiritual progress of the race. Julius Cæsar was an epileptic.

In these matters we must move slowly. Science will do better for the human race if it postpones these drastic proposals and concentrates on the feasible, the prevention by moral pressure of the marriage of the unfit. Along these lines we may develop ultimately in such a way as to find the lethal chamber a ghastly superfluity.

We want Bread and Butter Politics

TRANQUILLITY as a policy has proved a dismal failure. There are problems at home the settlement of which has been held in abeyance far too long. The prospects of the coming winter are so ominous that only prompt and efficient action can ease our domestic situation.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN has returned from his holiday. He is back again at 10, Downing Street, once more in charge of the British Ship of State. In which direction does he propose to steer it?

He cannot complain that the question is asked prematurely. No Premier of recent times has had more consideration or greater latitude from the country.

No one desires that this consideration should be modified, or withdrawn. But it *must be justified*.

The policy of tranquillity, admirable in the crisis which brought Mr. Baldwin into power, is not enough. It is not an adequate or permanent contribution to the social needs of the people. Nor is it any real dis-service to say this to the Prime Minister in the plainest possible language.

Tranquillity is a negative creed that may easily drift into apathy, a mere helpless contemplation of problems without doing anything to solve them.

So far as this blessed word tranquillity can be translated into practical terms, into the avoidance of foreign entanglements, and the reduction of foreign commitments, it is all to the good.

But the Premier and his Government must stand or fall by their success or failure in tackling the pressing questions of domestic policy.

WE have to face the disconcerting fact that unemployment is becoming chronic in this country, that it brings into countless homes, up and down the land, the dread spectre of ever-present anxiety, depression and despair.

We have over two millions of unemployed. France has very few; Germany has practically none; America is clamouring for more men to feed her great industrial machine.

This country, victorious in the Great War, staggers under the indemnity it is paying in the form of bad trade and increasing unemployment. The winter is approaching. To many people it means increased suffering, scanty wages, and the cold comfort of a fireless hearth.

Food is dear. The cost of living obstinately refuses to come down. Industry is compelled to carry the heavy handicap of high rates and taxes.

The housing problem is practically at a standstill. Unless and until it is solved the next generation must accept this war-time legacy of evil conditions, with all its menace to the efficiency and prosperity of the race.

It may not be possible to cut an easy and immediate way through all this tangle. But a beginning is surely overdue.

In plain words we want practical developments—bread-and-butter politics. We want to see a real justification of the present Government.

WE cannot feed and clothe our unemployed with the scanty raiment of tranquillity. We cannot speed up the wheels of industry with empty phrases. We cannot fight the growing competition of the world with the weapon of consolatory words.

Mr. Baldwin must wake up. He must be up and doing. He must put before the country a practical and helpful programme—and carry it into effect. Our national circumstances will not allow us to wait indefinitely. We cannot live on air or flourish on soporific words.

What is Mr. Baldwin going to do?

Pussyfoot Answered

THERE is real satisfaction to be derived from the fact, as set forth in the recently published Blue Book of Licensing Statistics, that the number of convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales has again fallen. The figures show that there were more than twice as many convictions in 1913 as there were in 1922, viz., 188,877 for the former year and 76,347 for the latter. In America—with Prohibition—increased arrests for drunkenness were 100 per cent.

That represents substantial progress in our social life. It means that the old and careless ways of immoderate drinking are not being passed on to the present generation. It means that the national habits are changing, and the change is clearly for the better. We may, therefore, look to see this improvement continue.

It implies something more. The rabid teetotal fanatics, whose slogan was that England sober is England free, were beginning to look across the Atlantic to Mr. Pussyfoot and his legions to compel us to be abstinent by Act of Parliament. The country has given these people the proper and dignified answer—that their efforts are superfluous as well as impertinent.

The rising generation of the British will know how to preserve its liberty as well as its self-respect, without the intrusion of the professional prohibitionists, with the sequel of the rum-runner and the bootlegger and all the evil parasites of their unlovely movement.

Faithful to Death

THE ancients used to say that a brave man struggling with adversity was a spectacle for the gods. What a tribute of praise they would have paid to Dr. Margaret Boileau, who refused to be dismayed by the approach of death in one of its most terrible and painful forms.

Stricken down by cancer, she recorded, often in the severest pain, the symptoms of the dread disease that was sapping her life, so that her trained observation might be of use to suffering humanity after she had herself been defeated in the desperate struggle.

And yet defeat seems a wrong word for such epic heroism. There can be no defeat in a battle fought in this splendid spirit of self-sacrifice, nothing but victory in an example so rich in inspiration to the highest ideals of unfailing fortitude and ungrudging service to one's fellow-creatures.

In a different sphere from Nurse Cavell, this noble woman has added another glory to her sex and race.

The Slump in Virtue

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THE Curse of Kaiserism is not yet over. Its aftermath remains. Women of Britain, driven by diversity to the streets, are part of that aftermath. Why is it so? In this powerful reminder to the people of their duty to their country and fellow beings the writer answers that question and indicates the remedy.

The Kaiser is out of harm's way but his evil influence remains.

SOME time ago I was in a city in the Midlands, and there met an old acquaintance who is completing a life of many adventures in all parts of the world by helping poor people in their daily struggle with great adversity.

He told me of a girl in that city who had been driven by the poverty of her home to the saddest life which can befall a woman. Her father, he said, was killed in the war; the mother was so beset with the cares of a large and young family that she could not go out to work; the girl, still in her teens, had tried for a whole year to find employment before descending to the abyss.

He knew this girl, knew her mother and the family, and was prepared to swear that there was no evil in her, none at all; on the contrary, that she was a good girl who thought more of looking after her little brothers and sisters than of considering her own welfare. She was not very intelligent, but she was not morally rotten.

"As sure as God's in His heaven," exclaimed my friend, bringing a clenched fist down on the table, "the bloody old Kaiser put that poor child on the street."

THIS remark came back to my mind last night. A friend of mine, a young American, paid me a visit before returning to his country. He has been spending several weeks in Germany. He saw a goodish deal of scientific men and University professors. A great part of his conversation was taken up in describing the grim economic sufferings of these people, whose incomes do not jump, like the income of the worker, with every leap of the mark.

But the saddest thing he saw in Germany, he told me, was in the streets of Berlin. He said: "It is no exaggeration to say that nine out of every ten girls you pass in Friedrich Strasse appear to be living immoral lives. Nothing in London, nothing in Paris, compares with it. There seems to be a wholesale slump of womanly virtue. And the tragic thing about it is that the majority of these girls are decent, nice-looking girls, not the ordinary hard-faced women of the streets. Economic reasons account for most of them; but there's an unrest in Germany, a craving for adventure, a mad feeling that people must escape at any cost from repression and hopelessness; and this feeling, a reaction from all the torture of stretched nerves from 1914 onwards, accounts for a good deal of the tragedy. And it *is* a tragedy when multitudes of women in a nation feel like that about virtue."

SUPPOSE the Kaiser did personally push that poor English child into the streets. Suppose that with his own hands he pushed all those thousands of German girls over the precipice. Suppose that he alone was the creator of Militarism. All the same, the democracy of Europe let him do it. The democracy of Europe stood by, doing nothing, as the disease of Kaiserism spread through the world like a hideous cancer. A few old statesmen uttered polite warnings. A few old soldiers advised us to prepare. But democracy, which can order the whole governance of the world, never raised one finger to strike the danger down.

We think that the difference between rich and poor is one of degree. The rich man has more water-taps at his service than the workman, he has more rooms for the disposal of his family, his food is better served, his clothes of finer quality, his income of greater proportions. But there is a difference between the average well-off man and the average badly off man which is not relative but absolute. And this difference is mental. Mentally, the rich man lives in one world and the poor man in another.

I NEVER go among the very poor without being struck by their complete indifference to matters which are surely of vital importance to their happiness. The vast majority live, to begin with, entirely outside the kingdom of literature and art. They do not feed their minds. Great English names known to the educated of all nations are entirely unknown to millions of our own people. The natural food of the English mind is regarded by them as a thing only for "highbrows." Great and deplorable as is their loss, it is not, however, so practically serious as the utter apathy they display towards the question of politics. To the majority of our great nation the word politics means nothing more than a question of wages. It is something to do with trade unions. It is only important when there is a strike.

But these people suffer at every point in their lives from the action of politicians. They are the pieces moved by the statesmen of the world across the chess-board of Europe. It is they who are the direct victims of war-monger and agitator. It is their sons who are mutilated and murdered, their daughters who are flung into the streets, it is they themselves who are ordered into idleness and semi-starvation by men whose power is derived chiefly from their indifference. If only democracy knew its power: if only it felt its tremendous responsibilities! How different now had been the condition of the world! Suppose the democracy of Europe in the early years of the present century had been alert enough to recognise Kaiserism as an enemy of the human race and had voted War into the limbo of all hideous, savage and misbegotten things; to-day science would be fifty years ahead and prosperity universal.

No good can come to us unless democracy wills it. Few evils can befall us if democracy takes arms against the source of all misfortune. It is our one hope of salvation that democracy should fling off its mental lethargy, refuse any longer to be thrown hither and thither, either by statesmen or by agitators, and should become vividly aware of its power to deliver the world from the nightmare of misgovernment.

THERE will always be a mess on the earth till the whole body of men and women realise that it is their duty to tidy things up. No one else can do it for them. And no democracy in Europe is more capable of leading the way in this great business than the heroic, hard-headed and kind-hearted men and women of the British Islands. All they have to do is to pay attention to the things of life that really matter.

Is Life

CIVILISATION is in th of mankind, and the n great thinkers who believ wanting. Mr. A. G. Gardi artic

IN these convulsive times when tl rushing through the rapids to he where, every idea that we used and every institution that was above criticism is being brought as it the hammer. "Going—going—gone refrain. We believe in nothing and d thing. Italy kicks over Constitutic lightly as if it had simply changed i newspaper. Spain turns the politicia puts the soldiers in. Democracy is under challenge. Religion is at a dis Bishop Welldon seems to doubt whethe is any good. Dean Inge apparently thi human race is a festering sore, "the d Stevenson said, "of the agglutinated now Mr. Bernard Shaw asks us wheth better not get rid of civilisation altoget happy (and dirty) in our mud-huts an skins, picking up our acorns in the generally shedding all the rags of th and silly world.

"BACK to Nature! Back to Simpl is an old cry—as old as the w man with the disappointment illusions of life, as old, that is, as ma for he has never been, and never can happy in this makeshift world in moves, half animal and half angel, w appetites that end in loathing and fine that he never quite succeeds in bury the muck-heap of his life.

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"Labour is commonly described as crucified between two thieves, a fancy picture which implies the villainy of the capitalist."

Swollen Heads and Halo

WHEN a man feels golden wings sprouting out of his shoulder blades and begins to look for hatpins to fasten on his halo, it is time for his friends to take the afflicted one by the hand and lead him to the repairer's. Similarly, when a faction clique of persons get the idea that righteousness and wisdom are their exclusive attributes and that the rest of the world is composed of rogues and fools, it is the duty of their well-wishers gently but firmly to prick the inflated pustules which in those poor persons' noddles take the place of brains.

This is what Mr. George N. Barnes has kindly done in the recently published story of his life, for the Bildads and Zophars—the self-righteous Job's counsellors—of British Labour. Before he reached the pinnacle of his career as an honoured member of the War Council, Mr. Barnes had been an artisan, had known the cruel pinch of out-of-work hunger, had been a Trade Union Secretary and Labour M.P.

Now, viewing the work of his successors from a detachment of dignified ease, his benevolent optimism as to their political prospects is clouded by a fear that they may be "over-ridden and misrepresented by ill-balanced persons from outside their ranks." "He thinks it unfortunate that Labour has been the victim of crude phrases and nebulous theories fastened on to it at conferences which have been swayed by the emotions of the unthinking," and that "the Labour Party has lived too much in the atmosphere of conferences and public meetings."

In this characteristically mild and genial criticism, Mr. Barnes has gently probed what many sympathetic spectators at Labour palavers regard as the canker—or, may I say, dry rot—which threatens the health of the party. A buzzing swarm of "intellectual" doctrinaires, quacks and adventurers infest the chronic conferences of Mr. Barnes' censure, and swamp the experienced counsels of men like Mr. Clynes, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Thomas with the deadly dump of their dogmatic dope.

These Puffing Billies and Simon Tappertits are loud and truculent; they shout and gesticulate; they glibly claim to cure all the ills of politic by reach-me-down shibboleths soiled resolutions. They habitually a Bernard Shaw has said, "That their op typified as 'the capitalist'—are robbe liars and hypocrites, without a redeemi their character. Labour is commonly by them as crucified between two thieve picture which implies not only the villa landlord and capitalist, but the martyr ness of the Socialist."

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Is Life Worth Living?

by A. G. GARDINER

CIVILISATION is in the melting-pot. Discontent and despair are eating into the hearts of mankind, and the nations of the world are ever at one another's throats. There are great thinkers who believe that our vaunted civilisation has been tried and found wanting. Mr. A. G. Gardiner throws down a challenge to the pessimists in this vigorous article and points a way to national salvation.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who leads the attack against modern civilisation.

IN these convulsive times when the world is rushing through the rapids to heaven knows where, every idea that we used to respect and every institution that was held to be above criticism is being brought as it were under the hammer. "Going—going—gone!" is the refrain. We believe in nothing and doubt everything. Italy kicks over Constitutionalism as lightly as if it had simply changed its morning newspaper. Spain turns the politicians out and puts the soldiers in. Democracy is everywhere under challenge. Religion is at a discount, and Bishop Welldon seems to doubt whether education is any good. Dean Inge apparently thinks that the human race is a festering sore, "the disease," as Stevenson said, "of the agglutinated dust," and now Mr. Bernard Shaw asks us whether we had better not get rid of civilisation altogether and be happy (and dirty) in our mud-huts and our goat-skins, picking up our acorns in the forest and generally shedding all the rags of this feverish and silly world.

"BACK to Nature! Back to Simplicity." It is an old cry—as old as the weariness of man with the disappointments and disillusions of life, as old, that is, as man himself, for he has never been, and never can be wholly happy in this makeshift world in which he moves, half animal and half angel, with coarse appetites that end in loathing and fine intuitions that he never quite succeeds in burying under the muck-heap of his life.

It is not a question of civilisation or barbarism. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." If we were wholly animal or wholly spirit we should be happy enough. When Whitman gazed at the cows serenely munching, munching, he envied their placid state. They did not lie awake at nights thinking about their souls, worrying about next quarter's rent, wondering if they would keep their job, looking before and after and pining for what is not. The sun came up and they rose and munched; the stars came out and they lay and slept. They did not want Paris hats and trips to the Continent. They did not strike for higher wages or combine to make war on the cows in the next county. Give them a meadow full of lush grass and their cup was full.

Theirs was the simple life—all pure nature, not a rag of civilisation about them from their horns to their hoofs. But we are less fortunate. We are not simple animals. We have in us the vision of the universe and an unquenchable thirst for we know not what.

We have the passion of curiosity in us, the desire to know, invent, discover, adventure, enjoy. If we made one vast bonfire of our civilisation to-day we should begin to construct a new civilisation to-morrow. A new Prometheus would defy the gods and bring fire to earth and start the whole thing over again. I am sure Mr. Bernard Shaw would bring the torch himself. He does not live in a hole in the ground and feed on acorns. He does not love dirt and discomfort. He is the most fastidious man I know. I have been to his flat in the Adelphi and I can assure you it is a sumptuous flat with all the refinements and delicacies of life, nice carpets, beautiful hangings, fine pictures, many books. You can get him on the telephone. When I was at a country house not long ago he came up in a motor-car which he drove himself.

I DON'T suggest that he is insincere because he enjoys the conveniences and pleasures of that civilisation which he seems to repudiate. I think he is one of the most sincere of men. But he can no more help being civilised than a cow can help being a cow. We cannot deny our nature. We were born to live in a social state and to create our own conditions of ease and satisfaction. Comfort is not a crime. A warm house is as good for our spiritual health as a cave in the ground. Security of life, good roads on which I can cycle, railways and steamships which give me the freedom of the earth, medical science which cures my rheumatism, commerce which supplies me with comfortable clothes and brings me tea from India and coffee from Brazil and peaches from South Africa, books which minister to my intellectual wants.

THE truth, I think, is not that we have too much civilisation, but that we have too little and that we pervert it and misuse it. With the mastery of things which science has attained it ought to be possible for all of us to enjoy the satisfactions and amenities of civilised life. If our moral nature had developed in the same measure as our intellectual empire we should be able with our enormous powers of production to ensure a full and abundant life for all who labour. It is not the use of civilisation but the abuse of civilisation which is responsible for the squalor of our slums. The machine is all right if we knew how to run it.

But while I believe that the idea of abolishing civilisation is as wrong as it is impossible, there is a virtue in the challenge. I think that modern life, with its intricate artificiality, its dependence on the machine of things, its loss of touch with the primal foundations of our existence, tends to get farther and farther away from the true sources of noble living. We become creatures of a routine, and slaves of a system. Our knowledge is enormous, but our wisdom diminishes. We can send our voice a thousand miles, but we have ceased to have anything to say that matters. We have lost the vision of the grand outline of things and become more and more like mites in a cheese, furiously active about nothing in particular, and so indifferent to the things of the mind and the things of the spirit that we should blush to be suspected of having a soul.

IF the outcry against civilisation is a positive reminder that we do not live by bread alone, that the most perfect mastery of matter is consistent with a degraded society, and that the art of fine living and the pleasures of happy living do not depend on motor-cars and luxuries, but on plain living and high thinking, then it will do good.

The lighter we travel through the world, the more we strip ourselves of wasteful habits and encumbrances, the more independent and individual we become, the better and happier we shall be. But I see no necessary conflict between simplicity and civilisation. They are both good things, and I propose to continue to try and enjoy both.

Swollen Heads and Halos

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

o their political prospects is clouded it they may be "over-ridden and l by ill-balanced persons from out- ks." "He thinks it unfortunate that en the victim of crude phrases and ries fastened on to it at conferences een swayed by the emotions of the and that "the Labour Party has h in the atmosphere of conferences etings."

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A world-wide "revolution" is to occur—presently. "Self-determination"—such as that which has brought brotherly love and bliss to the Balkans and to Ireland—is to prevail throughout the world, and, presumably, in every parish and alley. "Capitalism," "production for profit," "secret diplomacy," "the balance of power," and all other wicked words are to be abolished. Under the ægis of "working-class solidarity"—as illustrated at the late Trades' Congress—the blessed phrase, "dictatorship of the proletariat," will be summarily established on earth as it is in heaven.

There is one notable orator of the Party whose voice throbs and quivers with Picksniffian rectitude as he proclaims his monopoly of the straight and narrow path. To reason is impious. To doubt is to prove that one is wicked.

The dope dealer is smug and plausible. His quack nostrums are wonderfully "promising." It is so pleasant to believe that, by merely voting for it, you may get a quart out of a pint pot, and, by uttering a pretty platitude, secure universal peace. So it comes to pass that many simple souls regard a love of one's country as a symptom of corruption, and abuse of all that is exalted as a proof of manly integrity. In this muddled state they come to believe that nothing which *is* ever had any business to be, and that everything which *isn't* will and must be brought into existence.

Mr. Barnes has crowned a life of admirable service to the cause of Labour by reminding these deluded victims of platitudinous inebriety that "people who disagree with them may yet be passably honest and sincere."

London with the Lid Off!

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

(Author of "The Night Haunts of London," etc.)

THE false glamour of the hectic night-club life of the great Metropolis is dealt with here in trenchant style. In these midnight palaces of riotous pleasure, girls in the first flush of youth consort with the outcasts of human society. The Bishop of London in his recent disclosures touched only the fringe of this tragic subject.

WHAT is happening to-day in London's underworld? And what is going to happen? The answer is: A good deal which is unknown to the public and the police.

So much attention was focussed on the Bishop of London's Hyde Park revelations that the greater evils have been entirely overlooked. What has my lord to say of the social sores that fester outside the Marble Arch enclosure? I warrant that if as much time had been spent, and as much influence brought to bear, on exposing some nightly orgies around Piccadilly, the Bishop's campaign would not have fallen so flat.

The world would stand aghast at the evidence which is there for anyone to see, which does not require informers whose status is unknown, and whose definitions of morality are questioned. The Bishop missed a great opportunity. Will he take it now? Here in this article I present him with a few facts that should rouse Fulham Palace and the Councils of the Uplift Societies into vigorous action. We shall see whether they accept the hint or take refuge in the comfort of their offices and issue occasional statistics which deceive nobody.

• • •

There is every reason to believe that the leaders of the shady night resorts are preparing for a big push in the coming "season." They imagine that the authorities have become either too apathetic or too discouraged to fight on.

The evils which the police are always endeavouring to combat will be intensified this winter. Especially will this be so with regard to the dope traffic.

The complete ignorance of the average person in regard to the significance of the new night clubs is appalling. It is criminal to permit these houses of evil in our midst, and it is time enough that organisations with high-sounding titles should spend their energies and money in the right direction in coping with this growing evil. I shall show them how.

• • •

A few years ago I undertook, at the request of some leading personages, an exhaustive investigation of London's underworld. "Are these conditions any better to-day?" I asked myself, and I have gone over the ground again.

What I saw is a sufficient answer to the superior sceptic who says, with his nose in the air and his tongue in his cheek, that there ain't no sich places.

Vice has become so commercialised in London that its directors can afford to scour the world for new sensations. For instance, I happen to know that at this very moment there are, in the Paris and Berlin underworlds, a number of London night club promoters whose purpose is to purchase and procure the most shameful forms of so-called entertainment. These "new attractions" will be among those featured for the winter campaign of these scamps.

The night clubs originated some years ago in a mild form. The fun was furious but never fast. All a woman had to do was to wear short hair, shorter skirt, and look soulful. Then she was IT; but, instead of getting a reputation for being indiscreet, she only succeeded in getting indigestion—as anybody would if they had to jump up between steak and chips and other things besides to do violent physical jerks, misnamed dancing.

All that was very well. There are a few of these "old-fashioned" clubs left to-day, and they are badly left. The fair maiden of forty looks awfully lonesome there.

It is a different matter in the new clubs. With the aftermath of war, a number of knowing sharks, playing on the slackened morals of the young people who grew up too quickly, opened up night clubs which have no title to be so called. They are just meeting places for the dregs of Society.

• • •

You might say that if it is merely a matter of preventing crooks from congregating, it doesn't matter so much, for they will meet somehow. I am sure, however, that it would be the duty of the police in any case to break up public thieves' kitchens.

But it is worse than this. These clubs not only attract the criminal but the unwary, who are either fleeced in the process of enjoying themselves or, in the case of foolish young girls, help in the making of fresh recruits for the ever-growing army of loose women.

In the old days, when public town halls provided a dance or two a week, there was less danger, for each girl was invariably accompanied by a cavalier whom she knew. Nowadays, under the pretence of being an officially sanctioned club, innocent girls are lured there to destruction.

It is well-nigh impossible for them to escape from the toils of tricksters and crafty women crooks who assemble there.

It is therefore in no spirit of puritanism, but on behalf of the genuine pleasure-loving public, that I demand the closing of these dens of vice—the all-night club, the secret cinemas, the gambling hells, the tea dives, the drinking and dope dens.

The position as it is to-day is the laugh of Luridland. The proprietors of these haunts which are responsible for the shame and degradation of our night life, are at any rate not hypocrites. They know they are wrong doing, and they know that the police are powerless to intervene effectively *because of the limitations of the law.* This is what a well-known detective responsible for many night club prosecutions told me the other day:—

"It almost gets *me* beat. I know where they are, and we do our best,

The Bishop of London

but the law helps those that break it!"

What the detective really meant was that the law is a negative force; that while it does not really help, it actually encourages the convicted wrongdoer. The knowing night shark is well aware that prosecution merely means a fine, *and the fines are allowed for beforehand in estimating the profits to be made out of vice.*

• • •

It does seem stupid, does it not, that an enlightened country should permit all sorts of profitable evil on the understanding that a percentage of benefits should go to the Crown? That, in fact, is what it amounts to. It is just like telling a burglar caught in the act that part of his booty will have to be paid in fines. Why Mr. William Sykes should go to prison, and Mrs. Brazas Brass should merely have to pay, in order to go on breaking the law, I do not know, and it would appear that no one else knows—or cares.

Let us take an instance which the detective brought to my notice. Readers of JOHN BULL must be acquainted with the name of the notorious Mrs. Merrick. This lady finds "night clubs" a profitable pastime. So much so that, despite her many convictions, despite her many fines, she goes on merrily snapping her fingers at the nonplussed police. She knows very well that her disreputable clubs will be raided periodically; but between whiles she makes sufficient money from mugs not only to pay her fines and law expenses, but to live on the fat of the land. In other words, the woman thrives on encouraging vice.

A good deal of cant is often uttered about immorality, and the men and women who adorn the Committees of Uplift Societies should deal with the problem more scientifically; but no one, whatever his views on what is licence and what is liberty, can feel anything but righteous horror at the scenes that occur nightly at some of the dens under the eyes of the powerless police.

In one of the clubs the other night was a young girl of 17 who had run away from her home in Kent because she "couldn't stand fowls and chickens." Her mother, broken-hearted, appealed to the police. She left everything in order to get her child. But what could the police do while such dens of infamy are permitted to ensnare these girls?

Actually the little girl, who is one of many, came to London to do a little shopping. She fell in with one of those vile vampires who are forever on the look out for Innocence, and the night den did the rest.

Here she specialised in a form of degraded dancing which is becoming popular in these haunts and threatens to banish Terpsichore from the decent ball-room.

• • •

These are the sort of scenes in the modern night clubs that rend the heart. You know well that the bedecked and painted lily and the shifty-eyed "toff" in dinner suit are disreputable members of society who will sooner or later find refuge in jail. This little moves you, but the spectacle of girls in the first flush of youth consorting with the outcasts of human society makes you cry aloud at the impotence of our law.

Here, then, are some of the counts upon which I indict the present night life of London:—

That the same promoters of "clubs" which have no right to be so called, are often convicted under different names, and continue to defy the laws.

That at least a dozen so-called night clubs—names and addresses of proprietors in the possession of JOHN BULL—are simply the rendezvous of the crook and criminal and the lowest type of women; where confidence tricks are practised, where dope is passed, where drunkenness is common, where dancing is a cloak for indecency, and where black men play havoc with the souls of white women.

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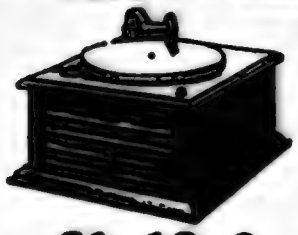

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Deportation for a Duke

by HARRISON OWEN

IT was with difficulty that the Duke of Devonshire suppressed a yawn while a charge of loitering in a public place, to wit, Palestine, was read over to him. Having pleaded "Not guilty," he closed his eyes.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that the accused was charged in the capacity of Secretary of State for the Colonies. He didn't hold this position at the time Great Britain added Palestine to the list of geographical odds and ends for which she accepted responsibility, otherwise the charge would have been of a more serious nature. But since becoming head of the Colonial Office, the Duke had made no attempt to get out of Palestine and Mesopotamia, so it had been decided to charge him with loitering.

"IN the past week," continued Mr. Watchdog, "we have had an unpleasant illustration, in the form of the Transjordania rising, of the sort of trouble our attempts at Zionising can lead to.

"When the ordinary Englishman, while consuming his matutinal egg, reads a cable announcing that there has been a squabble between Sultan Pasha Adwahn, Chief Panjandrum of the Belka Arabs, and Medgel Pasha, Lord High Cockalorum of the Beni Sacher tribe, and that the Emir Abdullah has intervened, he (the aforementioned Englishman) merely yawns and helps himself to another piece of toast.

"Unfortunately, though, some such ridiculous shindy may have serious consequences for the stay-at-home egg-eater, for the Emir is this country's paid policeman.

"That is to say, the tax-payers, though they may not be aware of it, subsidise him to the tune of £150,000 a year, in return for which trifling sum he assists us in the noble work of Zionising or Emirising the Arabs inhabiting the wilderness on the other side of the Jordan.

"Emirising chiefly consists of attempting to collect taxes which the Arabs object to paying. Every now and then some sheik, tetrarch, patriarch, satrap, claptrap or other tribal boss becomes so annoyed that he orders the murder of a tax collector, whereupon ructions set in. This latest rising was only quelled after a fight in which 82 men were killed, and there is no knowing when the Pasha may take it into his head to have a return match.

"So long as we remain in Palestine and employ Abdullah as our policeman (and at £150,000 a year he is easily the most expensive John Hop in the world), so long will we be liable to become involved in a war with the Arabs. It is with the object of putting an end to the policy which may lead to such a tragedy that this prosecution has been brought."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER said that there was a theory in some quarters that all the world's ills would be cured if various people got out of various places—the French out of the Ruhr, the Italians out of Corfu, and the British out of Palestine and Mesopotamia. If his client took the advice of the prosecution, what would become of the national home for the Jews? It was all very well to say that the Colonial Secretary had a duty to perform to taxpayers like Smith, Jones and Robinson, but he also owed a duty to Shem, Ham and Japheth. The subsidy paid to the Emir Abdullah had been criticised, but one could not buy a real, live Emir for the price one would pay for a suburban mayor.

WHEN the jury returned to court with a verdict of "Guilty," the Duke had to be aroused to listen to the Judge's remarks.

"I can well appreciate the jury's verdict," said Mr. Justice Bull, "for I would not expect any body of taxpayers to favour a policy of spending vast sums by the banks of the Jordan, while workless men haunt the once bonnie banks o' Clyde. The Great War was not fought to make Palestine a place fit for Englishmen to die in; nor is the British taxpayer a sort of Palestinnes with millions to throw away.

"The Duke of Devonshire should be content with his mandate over Eastbourne, and should not seek to loiter in the Holy (and wholly useless) City. Since, however, he seems so interested in remote Biblical places, the sentence of the Court is that he shall go to Jericho, and remain there until such time as we have evacuated Palestine and Mesopotamia."

GOLDEN GRASS ORPHANS

WITH a couple of grass orphans to board out, you can make quite a lot of money if you adopt the methods of Milton's Estate Agency, 117, Lancaster Street, Borough, London, S.E.

So far as we can gather, the grass orphans may be entirely imaginary, for the money is made not from the people who board them, but from the many who would like to do so on the generous terms offered.

All that is necessary is to prepare an advertisement in the following terms:—

"Home wanted for boy 6, girl 8, parents going abroad for 3 years; terms, £14 monthly and extras; particulars addressed envelope, Milton, 117, Lancaster Street, Boro', S.E.1."

If such an advertisement is inserted in a sufficient number of newspapers, you are certain to get into touch with hundreds and perhaps thousands of people, who would willingly undertake the care of the little lady and gentleman.

You then send them just sufficient particulars to increase their interest, such as "perfectly healthy children of solicitor and wife"—it is as well to make it clear that they are quite legitimate, you know — "clothing, school fees and medical attendance to be arranged at interview, all payments made monthly in advance."

Then you ask for 2s. 6d. for registration.

It is a wonderful business, offering adopted babies for half-a-crown, to people looking for pretty children as paying guests. Take the experience of one of our readers who lives in Goldsmith Lane, Kingsbury. Being desirous of a companion for his only child, he answered what he thought was a suitable offer, and got one of Milton's precious forms.

Misled by the notepaper, he forwarded 2s. 6d., and waited for the happy details of the child who was (on paper) to make a much wanted playmate for his little boy.

Throughout the weeks his expectancy has deepened, so has his suspicion. From the time of sending his half-a-crown, Milton's Estate Agency has maintained a stern silence. We advise them to break it.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"TAVISTOCK TIMES":—"Owing to the shortage of water only one jet was used, and consequently the firemen were not able to DISTINGUISH the flames for some hours."

"SOMERSET GUARDIAN":—"In stables adjoining the burned out-house LIVES Mrs. Dyer's GARMENTS and Mrs. Dyer's three children."

"TIT-BITS":—"On arrival at the cannery the sardines are DEPRIVED OF THEIR HEADS and the whole of the gut removed . . . They are then arranged HEAD DOWNWARDS on wire grills and left to drain."

"GRIMSBY NEWS":—"It is surprising that there has been MORE accidents THAN HAS OCCURRED."

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY":—"Second-hand inlaid solid mahogany 4 ft. bed; DRAINAGE, GAS AND WATER."

"STAR":—"'I suppose you think I'm frightened of another little stretch" said Mark Appleton with a WHITE LAUGH."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"He was paying 12s. 8d. a week for the rooms. This continued until his wife died and went on ALL NIGHT FOR THREE WEEKS after."

This week's news *for* users *of* Electric Light.

The putting back of the clock this year synchronised with a further reduction in prices of OSRAM Gas-filled Electric Lamps.

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£6,000 for 2/6

In no competition except the "*Treasure Quest*" will the expenditure of so trifling an amount as 2s. 6d. put you in line for so huge a first prize of £6,000 or such a generous scale of further cash awards.

Besides, it is the *one* competition which depends on yourself entirely—not on the mass opinion of thousands of other people. Intentional mistakes have been made in certain pictures of everyday scenes, supplied to you with your ticket; the mistakes are there, and it is up to your own alertness and common-sense to find them all.

Send in that odd 2s. 6d. in your pocket or purse *now*. You'll get a most interesting and amusing half-hour or so, and you can easily pull off a big cash prize as well—even the colossal sum of £6,000!

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A competition organised by the Irish Loyalists' Appeal Association in Aid of Distressed and Destitute Southern Irish Loyalists who have suffered for their loyalty to Great Britain.

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together with four prizes of £200 each and scores of other substantial Cash awards.

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To DIRECTOR, "Treasure Quest Competition," 38, Victoria St., London, S.W.1.

Please send me.....tickets (at 2/6 each) and the necessary competition pictures, for which I enclose cheque (postal order) for £..... s..... d.....

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Please write in BLOCK CAPITALS AND IN INK. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "& Co." and made payable to "Treasure Quest Competition." J.B. 299

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Douglas Stuart

5, DRURY ST., GLASGOW

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"
—vide Press.

I HAVE had a letter from a reader—and the correspondence arising from this page is growing to such an extent that I must ask readers to exercise patience if their answers are delayed—telling me a story as old as the hills. It is the story of a man who had never bet until this year, when he had 5s. on Sergeant Murphy, and, having discovered an easy way to fortune, has steadily done in, not only his own money, but the money of his employers.

* * *

Ruined by Betting

I daresay that when the crash finally comes he will attribute his ruin to the pernicious practice of betting, and to some extent will be right. But my point is that a man who would steal money for betting would steal money for anything. He would steal money to keep a woman who was not his wife, or to swank before his friends, or to do anything else that he wanted to do. And when, at the end of his plaint, he hints that he is going to commit suicide and leave his wife and his children chargeable upon the parish, my opinion of him is such that it could not be printed in a respectable paper.

* * *

A Sense of Decency.

We have all lost money betting, and most of us will continue to lose it until we find a new interest and new responsibilities which make betting either a bore or prohibitive. But few of us are so lost to all sense of decency that we rob the till in order to indulge in our erratic fancies. A man whose conceit is so abnormal that, sooner than face the consequences of his crime, he would take his life and leave others to bear the shame which he cannot face, is an unspeakable blackguard. And, "Poor Fool," you needn't write to "Humanist" for that opinion, because I'll give it to you straight away.

* * *

Pap's Pep.

Papyrus will be on the water by the time this appears in print, and all readers of JOHN BULL will join in wishing Ben Irish the best of luck and Papyrus plenty of "Pep" on the great day. When you come to think of it, Irish himself is taking a few risks, for his horse is a very valuable one for stud purposes, and a bad defeat in America will not enhance the value of Papyrus as a sire. I wonder what Lord Derby would have said if the same offer had been made to him in regard to Tranquil? I shudder to think!

* * *

American Descriptions.

I talked last week about the American method of reporting races. One of these days I will publish a reproduction of a chart, but for the moment here is what I call a comprehensive description. It deals with a selling race.

"Went to post 2.33. At post 11 minutes. Start good and slow. Won ridden out. 2nd and 3rd driving. Mary Agnes assumed command at once and held sway under steady pressure. Stroller, under slight restraint in the early running, responded gamely when called upon, but could not overhaul the leader. Drumbeat, in close quarters for the last furlong, finished with a belated rush in the final 16th (half a furlong). Ebony Girl, a forward contender throughout, tired in the closing strides. Hands Up was going gamely at the end. Standfast raced greenly. Patient faltered when the final issue came."

That is as much as you want to know about any race.

* * *

Watching for Dopers.

Dopers beware! The Jockey Club is unusually active just now, looking for the gentlemen who "step on the juice," in other words, accelerate their sluggish horses with the assistance of a little cocaine. There is to be a post-mortem on all horses who die unexpectedly in the course of a race. Watch out!

* * *

Sports and by ROWLEY

A New Theory.

One hears queer things in queer places. The other day on a racecourse I heard a man explaining Einstein's theory of relativity! He said it was the theory that men descended from monkeys!

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The Cesarewitch.

R. Day has a very strong hand with Ceylonese, Apron, Bessema, Revival, and Daughter-in-Law, and the selected one will be a well-fancied and dangerous candidate. This will, without much doubt, be Ceylonese. No horse is giving better satisfaction in his preparation. He has improved considerably since last year, when running third as a three-year-old with 7 st. 1 lb. His connections are well satisfied with his weight, and have backed him for a good stake.

Bellman's Chances.

Another that is doing extremely well is Bellman. I saw him gallop the full distance, Jimmy Valentine going the first part of the journey and Sunblair taking him along the latter part. It was a good gallop throughout, the Cesarewitch candidate going in capital style. Bellman also has been backed to win a lot of money, and all connected are very confident. London Cry can be depended on to stay every yard of the race, and after his runaway victory in the Prince Edward Handicap, he appears a very likely winner.

The Cambridgeshire.

Mr. S. Joel has paid forfeit for Sicyon, but is still well represented with Evander, Pondoland and Holy Friar. I have a very high opinion of the latter, of whom the best has not yet been seen. He has shown to advantage in recent gallops with Sicyon, Evander, Pondoland and Polydipsis over six furlongs up to a mile and a quarter. There is no doubt about his speed or his stamina. It is not yet known what the stable plans are, but if Holy Friar is their selected, he must have a great chance at the weights. Pharos is being spoken of as the likely winner, and is now going as well as he did prior to the Derby. The connections of Verdict believe her to be back to her best form, and if this is so she might be dangerous. At the moment I like nothing better than Holy Friar.

Duke of York Stakes.

I have never seen Soubriquet go better. I understand this is the race intended for her, and she is confidently expected to turn up trumps. Top Gallant is going splendidly after a nice rest, and is being specially prepared for this race. A mile and a quarter is quite far enough for him, it is true, but he beat Teresina and Twelve Pointer over that distance at Newmarket in the spring, and his form in home gallops suggests that he will get the course all right. Solicitude is coming back to her best form. Daughter-in-Law, a new addition to R. Day's string, goes well, and if a suitable jockey is obtained might go very close. My vote, however, goes to Soubriquet.

Newbury.

Highclere Nursery: Glitter Gold is expected to do better here, but I do not fancy him. Gurzil has won his last two races in very easy style and has made good progress since. I shall expect him to go close if he runs, but as to this there is a doubt. Sunstone is a useful colt who will have to be reckoned with if sent. I have, however, more liking for Ducks and Drakes, who is not far off one of the best two-year-olds seen out. He is being specially prepared for this race, and I am confident that whatever beats him will win.

Gay Angela is very useful, and Erne has also got a chance on his best performance. Hard Times and Royal Crescent will be placed to win before the season ends. The bottom weight, Grand Joy, is a much improved colt. I have seen him going better than Grand Knight and Cape Horn, both winners of recent gallops, and he is a danger to the best, but I think Ducks and Drakes will beat all comers.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

EDINBURGH (Wednesday).
2.0 Dreamy Donna (Pillory, London Pride).
2.30 Cornet of Horse (Pivotal, Rustler.)
3.10 Sealiger (Silver Band, Monk of Blyth).
3.40 Damsel (Just One, Gulistan).
4.10 Werwolf (Sobriety, Vain Simon).
4.40 Galloping Slav (Poetaster, Silver Square).
5.10 Dream Girl.

EDINBURGH (Thursday).
2.0 Serves All (Joanfax, Green Cross)
2.30 Cock Laird (Demonicus.)
3.10 Orpi (Forerunner, Silver Band).
3.40 Halidome (Merriment, Damsel).
4.10 Mocking Bird (Poetaster, Bold Knight).
4.40 Porus (Fastella, Fulneck)
5.10 Pomone.

FOLKESTONE (Wednesday).
2.0 Speculator (Codford, Kroonaria).
2.30 Helenova (Irish Ditch).
3.0 Brusra (Durnilla, Elsie Maynard).
3.30 Old Nic (Maple Sugar, All Away).
4.0 Mosaic (Sunny South, Peacehaven).
4.30 Nicator (Bucks, No Hurry).

FOLKESTONE (Thursday).
2.0 Martinique
2.30 Airwoman (Tornado, Thcovane).
3.0 Mayfair (Home Fire, Morning Light).
3.30 Page (Brandyball, Royal Highness).
4.0 Stone Marten (Gypsy, Glass of Fashion).
4.30 Merripit.

NEWBURY (Friday).
1.30 Royal Hussar (Blagueur, Petty Cury)
2.0 Razor (Irish Skies, Potentilla f.)
3.10 Glitter Gold (Edwin, Ozone).
3.45 Viennet (Spalpeen, Mansouriyah).
4.15 Terlonia (Cortona, Campbell Kid).
4.45 Castile (Widow Bird, Vaudricourt).

NEWBURY (Saturday).
2.0 Canon Resy (Righteous, Fair Castilian).
2.30 Ariane (Friar Denis, Tonic).
3.10 Parth (Tricky Aunt, The Moy).
3.45 Newbury Autumn Cup: Donna Inez (Vilna, Juniso).
4.15 Ulva Ferry (Ozone, Spacwife).
4.45 Ruysdael (Precious, Double Court).

CATTERICK BRIDGE (Friday).
1.30 Mavel Wave (Hunting Morn, Lady Blink).
2.0 Glensakaki (Masterpiece, Clara B.).
2.30 Hereford Lad (Shirecaks).
3.0 Wallpaper (Imprudence, Combustible).
3.30 Winifred Price (Su Su, All Prince).
4.0 Benefice.

CATTERICK BRIDGE (Saturday).
1.30 The Rec (Luscious c.)
2.0 Rock Drill (Rochetta, Rustler).
2.30 Orland (Bella Do).
3.0 Hellbeale (Monk of Blyth, Jansan)
3.30 Rebelajest (Gazania, Ladies' Lacca).
4.0 Meabite (Redhill, Carpathus).

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Karl (3 yrs.).—Although not a big one, this colt is uncommonly useful over a mile or shortly under that distance. He should do further good service for the Stockbridge stable.

Brance (3 yrs.).—A sound, staying sort of customer who is useful in his class. Likely to win over a mile and a half or thereabouts in moderate company.

Equity (2 yrs.).—When beaten a head by Perfect Form at Alexandra Park the other day, this filly was running on strongly at the finish, and, as befits a daughter of Willonyx, she is evidently not deficient in stamina.

Hard Times (2 yrs.).—This youngster—formerly Desolation gelding—has been going in good form of late.

Sportsmen MILE

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Ingham has been specially engaged to ride Dark Fox in the Cesarewitch.

• • •

The going must have been firmer at Doncaster than experts imagined. Triumph, Bellman, Lighthouse and Broken Faith all returned home without running owing to the state of the ground.

• • •

It is understood that Broken Faith will go for the Newbury Autumn Cup, but the distance of that race probably represents something more than the full length of the horse's tether.

• • •

Two horses that have earned celebrity at the "illegitimate" game, Groomsport and Southampton to wit, are said to be certain starters for the Cesarewitch.

• • •

Bob Sherwood trains two promising youngsters in the unnamed colts out of Wayward and Herne Bay respectively. Both are likely to be returned winners before the season ends.

• • •

Stewards are on the qui vive for "dope" frauds, and specimens of the saliva of several horses have recently been taken for the purpose of analysis. Stewardship of a race meeting is not quite such an easy job as some people would have us believe.

The Ball Game.

CARDIFF CITY have been playing more consistently than any other club in the First Division, and are extremely well balanced, having a clever set of forwards backed up by powerful defenders. Newcastle, who visit the Welsh city this week-end, are not so sound in defence, and Cardiff should improve their position by taking both the points. Other home clubs whose chances look very bright indeed are Aston Villa, Bolton, Liverpool, Huddersfield, Middlesbrough, Sheffield United, and Sunderland. Birmingham on top form may surprise the Arsenal even at Highbury, and the Albion are good enough to win at Blackburn, which is a lucky ground for them usually. The Notts clubs will, in all likelihood, share the points.

Pointers in Division II.

Good things in the Second Division seem to be home wins for Barnsley, Blackpool and Southampton, and other clubs who ought to please their supporters are Bradford City, Fulham, Leeds United, and Manchester United. I like the chances of Derby at Bristol, Leicester City at Hanley against Port Vale, but I shall look for draws in the Clapton Orient v. Bury and Nelson v. Stoke games.

Scottish Prospects.

In the Scottish League Falkirk seem to have settled down with a good side and ought to beat Third Lanark at Falkirk, and home victories also seem in store for Airdrieonians, Hearts, Motherwell, Raith Rovers, and St. Mirren. Dundee at full strength are capable of winning at Kilmarnock, and draws are indicated in the Aberdeen v. Celtic and Queen's Park v. Hibernians matches.

Tip for Liverpool.

If Liverpool want to again win the League championship, I advise them to return to the sporting and attractive football which has served them so well during the two past seasons. I regret to note that in more than one of their games they have been playing for keeps by kicking out when a goal up. I do not look for such pettiness in such a talented side. Incidentally, it does not do the game any good.

And for Arsenal.

The Arsenal have got a move on at last and they will be going up the table if they keep Graham at centre-forward. Evidently the Scot's quiet style and a disdain for rushing all over the place have been against him in an atmosphere of speed and hustle, but there is a heap more steadiness in the team when Graham is the pivot.

Stoke's Quest.

Stoke have a long row to hoe in their quest to recover a place in the upper circles, but they will do better when everyone on their books is available. I gather that Alec Milne, their left back, will be back in the team either this week or next, and he is expected to make a considerable difference.

Cock and Everton.

Everton are glad to have the exuberant Jack Cock back leading the attack or rather, appearing at centre-forward. Cock is no marvel at ball distribution, but he is as adventurous as any centre in midfield dashes, and he's a dangerous fellow in front of the posts.

Watson Better.

Victor Watson comes back into the West Ham team this week, and what a difference you will see in the Hammers' next matches! The English selectors are still fond of Watson, and I should like to take a shade of odds that we see him and his bosom pal, Brown, playing side by side in at least one of the internationals.

What Scouts Missed.

Northampton were better judges than several First League club scouts when they signed E. Wood, of Redditch. This tall youth is now said to be as good as was Hill of Plymouth last season, and he is sure to develop still further, for he has youth on his side and tremendous enthusiasm. Northampton are sure to get big offers for him before long.

Another Mistake.

Preston North End made a bad miss when they failed to take Green, the Sheffield United left-half, from Nuneaton last season. It is said North End could have had him for £500. They would have to put another nought on that figure to induce Sheffield to part with him now.

FORECASTS FOR OCT. 6.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Birmingham, Manchester City, *Middlesbrough, *Sunderland, West Ham, Burnley.

Away Winners.

Liverpool, *Spurs, *Sheffield United.

Draws.

Chelsea v. Cardiff City, *West Brom. v. Huddersfield.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

*Bury, Clapton Orient, Crystal Palace, *Leicester, The Wednesday, *Southampton, Stoke.

Away Winners.

*Manchester United, *Barnsley.

Draws.

*Coventry v. Fulham, *Hull v. Derby.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

Accrington *Bradford, *Crewe, Hartlepools, Lincoln, Rotherham, *Wigan.

Away Winners.

Southport, *Wrexham, *Wolves.

Draws.

*New Brighton v. Tranmere.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Aberdare, *Bristol Rovers, Charlton, Norwich, *Portsmouth, *Swansea, Swindon.

Away Winners.

Luton, *Northampton, Millwall.

Draws.

*Watford v. Plymouth.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Celtic, Falkirk, Hamilton, Morton, Partick Thistle.

Away Winners.

St. Mirren, *Rangers, Hearts.

Draws.

Ayr v. Motherwell, Hibs. v. Raith Rovers

(For coupon purposes nap selections are marked with an asterisk.)

A CENTRE WITH BRAINS

WHEN the English selectors were last season casting round for a centre-forward, they went and had more than one look at Johnson, who leads the Sheffield United attack. Like others, however, Johnson could not find his best form under official eyes, so he still awaits a cap.

All the same he is well in the top class of centres when on his game, and he is far from being slavishly conventional. In fact, he has at least two uncommon assets. One is his quick swerve round a back as he dashes in to meet a centre. The other is his clever tactical move when he deceives the opposing half into

running the wrong way by a rapid changing of feet, and then passing in the other direction. There is no more dangerous move in forward work.

Although on the slight side, Johnson is not afraid of physical contact, but he is no "barger." A capacity to get the ball under control quickly, and a penchant towards the unexpected, and the other assets indicated are, however, his stock-in-trade, and to them can be added consistently good shooting, not of the "blinding" type, but clever placing with both foot and head. Johnson is a sure scorer with anything like a reasonable chance.

Good for Amateurs.

Queen's Park, the famous Scottish amateur club, are more than holding their own on their return to the First Division, and it is remarkable how they find amateur talent year by year to keep them up to such a standard. I hear excellent accounts of J. Morton as a half-back, and he is being marked down as a future Scottish International. It is a position which wants earning these days, but Morton, who is no relation to Alan, the Rangers' namesake, has the ability undoubtedly.

Bad for Bury.

Robbie, of Bury, has had to undergo an operation for throat trouble, but I hope it will not keep him out of the field for any length of time. He is one of the best wing forwards in the game, and there are so few outside forwards who play the game as it ought to be played that he can ill be spared. Bury fortunately have good reserve talent, but they will be glad to have Robbie as often as possible.

'Spurs' Experiment.

There is talk at Tottenham of Handley being given a run at outside-left in the place of Dimmock. The latter is still one of the most delightful footballers to watch when he is in his happiest mood, but he does not seem to last a game out so well as he used to, and even his friends think that a rest might do him good. Elkes is playing so well at inside-left that the experiment could be tried without fear, for Handley can play in any forward position.

BOXING.

Beckett or Carpentier?

Beckett's fight with the Frenchman at Olympia on Monday is arousing the liveliest interest. In boxing circles it is felt that Joe has a good a chance of winning, and the British champion's admirers see visions of his previous humiliation being wiped out. Whether or not this will be the case, I certainly think that Joe will stretch his opponent considerably more than on their former encounter. Good luck to him!

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How it can be saved!

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Branded Children.

Self-control is weakened by conditions that impair physical health, a fact admitted by eminent psychologists, and as a result the future of our country is being menaced by a grave development of criminal instincts amongst children. Healthy homes and the opportunity for living lives under proper influences, which the Government ought to provide, would save thousands from so-called reformatories and Borstal institutions which, in too many cases, brand the child at the beginning of its career and make it an habitual criminal.—*C.T.F., Burnley.*

Lowering the National Type.

"Birth restriction amongst the poorer classes is often strongly pressed on the plea that there is breeding to an increasing extent from inferior stock, and in consequences a lowering of the national type," said Mr. Vaughan Cornish to the British Association. He might have added that restrictions are needed against the conditions which make so many moral degenerates. Britain never had greater need for brainy youths than to-day, and the history of humanity proves that these have not infrequently developed in hardship's school.—"*Rex*," *Manchester.*

A Doubtful Blessing.

While I appreciate "John Bull's" excellent work in many different fields of labour, I do not agree with you on the drink question. You have been asking Mr. Ramsay MacDonald whether Socialism is conceivable without conscription, and I would ask you: "Is Temperance conceivable without Prohibition? It may be a bit hard on those American people who were the slaves of drink, but the next generation will regard Prohibition (as thousands of thinking Americans do now) as A Great Blessing.—"*Cymro*," *Hengoed.*

What's the good of being a Man?

In reply to "Hopeless, Birmingham," who asks, "What's the good of being a girl?" and says, "Why wasn't I a man?" I would like to tell her to thank her lucky star she *is* a girl. I am a young man, and during the last four years I have not worked two, although I can turn my hand to six different things. I practically exist on a bread and butter diet. My sole enjoyment is walking about and my sole encouragement is what she lacks, "Hope." She should be thankful for small mercies and remember, "It's a long lane that has no turn in it."—*J. M., Wavertree, Liverpool.*

"Do Babies Bring Happiness?"

Let me also, as a father, give my opinion on this subject. My wife and I have been married nineteen years now. For the first ten years we were childless, and had almost settled down into an old prosy "Darby and Joan" life, when lo and behold a baby girl arrived to brighten our lives. Since then a little lad has also been sent to bless us. We were happy before, in a way, but there always seemed to be something awanting, and as for dividing us two I can look back but a year ago, when that baby girl, now a "bonnie wee lass" of nine years, was taken away to hospital with a severe illness, and was near, oh so near the "Shadowy Gates." How we two, mutual in suspense and grief and longing to have her back to us again, were bound still closer together. "Do babies bring happiness?" What a question! What is married life without them. With all the struggle, the worry, and the anxiety, give me the kiddies all the time. God bless them.—*Jock, Edinburgh.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

The Best Employer.

Who is the best employer, the worldly man or the Christian? I worked for a worldly man for over twenty years, and always had good wages, comfortable conditions, and was trusted in my work. Early this year I made application for work to a "Board of Christians." Wages were 30s. weekly, and at the interview the number of questions I was asked surprised me. The treatment I received after having been appointed to the job gave me the impression that my "worldly" employer was far better in principle than a "Board of Christians." If I had to choose between the two in future, I would certainly choose the man of the world to work for.—*J. W., Moss Side.*

Instruction for Unemployed.

I agree whole-heartedly with "M.B.E., Sheffield," concerning the setting up of evening training classes for the training of unemployed youths. Such an institution would prove a veritable god-send to youths who, like myself, could never afford to serve their time to a trade; and are consequently condemned to compete in an already overcrowded market of unskilled labour. Viewed from a social standpoint, it would do much to combat the seditious speeches of the street-corner revolutionaries, which continuously pollute the minds of many youths. If such a scheme could be set into action, it would completely change the whole aspect of an almost demoralised nation. — *J. M., Pleasant Street, Birkenhead.*

Are family holidays good?

The only recommendation for family holidays spent together is the consideration of less expense. From experience I find that rest, change of air and scenery, are useless without change of society. For many years my family have spent holidays together with disappointing results, for the simple reason that domestic worries and ties persisted in accompanying us. This year we have tried holidays apart, and the result has been wonderfully gratifying. Every member of the family has returned in high spirits, proving that change of society is one of the main essentials for a perfect holiday.—*H.S., London Road, Oldham.*

You may now get the JOHN BULL Treasure Book of Knowledge for only 1/- down and four weekly subscriptions of 2/- each.

Turn to page 30 now.

When Parents Taboo Dancing.

This problem often causes children much agony of mind. Intuitively they know their parents are wrong, but they do not wish to run counter to their wishes, in the light of the Fifth Commandment. When I was confronted with it, I laid siege to my parents' intellects and affection, and on every conceivable occasion I adduced my point of view with all the language of love and logic at my command, until I eventually won them over to my side. To others similarly situated my advice is—try persuasion. In my opinion children can convert the most Puritanical parents if they are imbued with true missionary fervour. — *D. F., Handsworth, Staffordshire.*

Class Distinction in Football.

In view of the great number of ex-professional football players who have now secured berths as club managers, when are the authorities going to move with the times and make it possible for them to manage properly and thoroughly? It is not generally known that if an ex-player is sent to represent his club at an important League meeting, that ex-player-manager is not allowed to enter the room, nor to vote, simply because he has once received money for his services as a player. This is a relic of the old amateur days, and it is high time that the authorities removed such a stigma from the many old players who are now striving so loyally and capably to steer clubs successfully.—*G. S., Corporation Street, Preston.*

Happy—Though Married!

For the first two years of my married life I spent my evenings reading at home. When my wife objected, I retorted that it was better than spending my evenings in outside pleasures. "But where do I come in?" she queried. That set me thinking, and I began to see that eventually apathy might ruin our married life. Moreover, I saw that my self-confessed rôle of model husband was baseless. I was in reality a selfish brute, too wrapped up in the enjoyment of my books to remember that my partner wanted enjoyment as well. So I took her for walks, to the pictures, etc., and varied my reading by chats. Result:—I regained the affection I had lost, and learned the great lesson of marital bliss—share pleasure as well as duty.—"*Learnt my lesson*," *Walsall.*

Penny Policy Pirates.

When will Parliament pass an act whereby policy-holders shall be protected against the present-day robbery by Insurance Companies. A person may have paid premiums for years, yet, just because he may be in arrears above the specified number of weeks at the time the claim is made (no matter what the cause, and very often through the agent not calling), he is informed that the claim cannot be proceeded with. Or he may be offered a sum much smaller than that to which he is entitled.—*E. E. Bonser, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts.*

Insurance Reform Needed.

If we must have National Insurance, why not let the doctor send in his account to the Insurance Commissioners, giving the name and address of the patient receiving treatment. Then he would be paid for work done, and, not, as now, drawing his fee for two or three thousand patients, the greater part of whom he knows nothing about beyond keeping their names on his panel.—*Thomas B., Sing, Govanhill.*

HOW I CAN EARN MONEY IN MY SPARE TIME

By C. ROCK.

The writer wants other people to know of her success with the Auto-Knitter. She makes a pair of socks in twenty minutes, and has as many orders as she can execute.

I am writing this, as I should like people to know of my experience and success with the Auto-Knitter although I have only had it a short time. I must say I am doing very well, and would not think of parting with it now for anything. At first I did find it a bit difficult, and often laugh now to think how simple it really is. And, remember, I had never seen a knitting machine before, and knew nothing whatever about them. I soon learnt all about it entirely from the "Instruction Book" sent with the machine; and it is quite simple to me now.

I have made socks and stockings for all my own people, and at present I have just as many orders as I can do, just in the locality; people like them very much. I have made ladies' and girls' stockings, as well as men's socks and stockings, plain and ribbed. Anyone with plenty of time ought easily to earn two or three pounds a week. I have not much time—in fact, very little some days.

I can make a pair of socks in about twenty minutes. They are even better than hand-knitted, because the stitches are so even, and the machine makes no mistakes. Everyone says it is wonderful how it can be done. Sometimes I make one pair for a person and ask them to try them first, to see how they like them. They soon tell me they do fine and ask me to make them some more as soon as I can.

I must tell you that the Auto-Knitter is very simple, and by the "Instruction Book" alone you can very soon learn all about it, as I did myself. You can soon have a business of your own, as socks and stockings are always needed. The Auto-Knitter makes other things, vests, mufflers, all sorts of things. It is light and small, and as simple as using a sewing machine.

The Company will pay me a fixed wage rate for every dozen pair of socks I make for them. They make that contract, and they will do the same for you. I can work just as I like, either for them or for private people, and if you want to turn your spare time into money, now is your chance. Do as I did: Write to the Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Ltd., 52, Belvoir Street, Leicester.

C. ROCK.

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Bubbles that keep the hairs upright so the razor goes *through* them and not *over*.

A soap that leaves the face in fine condition, because of the palm and olive oils.

Possibly you use another soap. It satisfies you, perhaps. But give us a hearing, please. Try our cream at our expense. Post the coupon now.

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K. B. G. (Bolton).—"Never mind what the officials say, the worker finds everything going up." Barring wages.

T. R. (North Shields).—"This country hasn't had a real politician since Sir Robert Peel." Well! That's candid, anyhow.

NED (Ipswich).—"I notice that you are very seldom caught tripping." But, of course, we do occasionally take a little holiday.

G. M. (Southport).—"Seaside landladies haven't done much this so-called summer season." Possibly that's because they haven't done many.

JACK (Brum.).—"It was a case of 'touch and go' with him." We know several who have the "touch and go" habit rather badly.

W. F. J. (Birmingham).—"The trials that really matter always take place on the Heath during the night." Hence the dark horses turning up.

MRS. M. T. (Kilburn).—"Children are just lovely, but they must be kept in their place." Ours seem to get all over the shop.

OLD-FASHIONED (Kennington).—"Temptation is as old as the world itself. Adam was the first man and he couldn't resist temptation." And Cain wasn't Abel.

M. W. R. (Seaton).—"My personal objection is to the man who appears to live simply to take the other man down." Personally, we're rather fond of our lift man.

A. N. (Hampstead).—"While my brain is refreshed, I read all my correspondence in bed, answer it before I get up and post it straight away." From pillow to post, so to speak.

MRS. COWLEY (79, High Street, Wroughton, Wilts.)—"I am very pleased to have won the *Bullets* £1,000. The name should be Mrs. Cowley and not Mr."—Another score to the weaker sex.

BEN C. (Stoke Newington).—"There's no need to worry about the married man. He can look after himself." And so long as he looks after the wife and family as well we've no objection.

F. R. I. (Doncaster).—"The public don't know that there's very little money in the meat trade to-day. Most people are cutting down their butcher's bills." Probably because the butchers don't cut down their prices.

C. F. M. N. (Montreal).—"It's quite a common thing here for a popular actor to have a bottle handed across the footlights to him." So, if the bottle contains what we suspect, the actor is greeted with booze.

J. C. T. (Leeds).—"What looks more pleasing on a gentleman's head than a nice shining topper?" There's hair.

U. J. T. (W.).—"I am obliged to pay £3 5s. a week for a three-roomed maisonette." What a flat!

L. J. (Cromer).—"Sleep is nature's comforter." And how we love to be comforted on Sunday afternoon.

N. P. (Maidstone).—"There's a lot of knowledge comes from reading." And any quantity of biscuits.

P. R. T. (Chislehurst).—"The world is full of opportunities." The trouble is to find them.

W. B. (Busby).—"Why should the cost of artificial light be so excessive?" We are in the dark ourselves.

P. W. S. (Stratford).—"Who has been the most popular bowlers this cricket season?" Now we're stumped.

MARY (Birmingham).—"Now I am married and have five sons." And five sons have a mother to be proud of.

P. T. (Birmingham).—"Please don't publish my name and address." Sir! we won't even publish your letter.

B. H. (Leith).—"There are very few fishmongers that don't give short." Weighed in their scales and found wanting!

K. J. (Nottingham).—"I, for one, am not ashamed to be seen carrying the baby when I take the wife out." Glad to hear you like to hold your own.

J. F. G. (Hull).—"You're very clever running down the coloured men, I *don't* think." Judging by your letter, you don't.

DOUBLE SIX (Southampton).—"A week-end ticket is dead after Monday night." Which reminds us that our season ticket expires to-morrow.

B. A. F. (Liverpool).—"The conductor was too busy talking to a girl to ring the bell when I wanted to get off." Clearly he was busy getting off himself.

ANTI-POST (Warwick).—"My great ambition is to get a big double home." Quite a lot of people would be satisfied with a house half that size.

L. R. (Newcastle).—"Traffic authorities agree that to keep to the right is wrong." Then to keep to the left is right.

H. C. (Swindon).—"Winter is nearly here. The days are getting colder, and overcoats are coming out again." Yes, Uncle!

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

E. C. (Crewe).—"You invariably find foreign matter in tinned food." We'd prefer it All-British ourselves.

PENCIL (Sheffield).—"The Insurance Act is a good thing for some people." The officials, for instance.

T. M. (Edinburgh).—"Putrid is the best description of unemployed conditions to-day." Well, that's too bad!

F. O. (Southsea).—"Every man should be on his mettle." Especially if someone is after his "brass."

B. R. T. (Wellingboro').—"City magnates have no souls." Yet you'll never find them on their uppers.

F. T. (Shrewsbury).—"There's no drink like pure water." It's certainly no drink.

JACK (Bristol).—"There will be a great boom in bowling next summer. There's no game like it." More bias!

F. R. E. (Carlisle).—"Here's a funny yarn for "J.B." Sorry! we can't get the thread of it.

F. A. D. (Bilston).—"I shall be in London for a fortnight. What is there to see up there, these days?" The roads mostly.

R. S. (Gloucester).—"I can't break my small son of the habit of asking complete strangers for money." The little beggar!

A. C. D. (Dundee).—"Like it or not, Scotland will vote prohibition at the next election." What a rush there'll be on the excursion trains South if it does!

J. A. (Lees).—"I've often heard the question asked, 'what is life.'" It's something you can't live without, anyhow.

T. R. C. (Dewsbury).—"Let a man make a single slip and his reputation is gone forever." Quite! When he makes a slip he loses his standing.

S. T. (Todmorden).—"There is no denying the fact that business in this country is dead." Where's our black tie?

G. B. (W.6).—"I had to go to the pawnshop to pledge an article for 25s." What about it? If Mohammed won't go to the mountain, the mountain——.

W. W. (Sheffield).—"My luck seems to be dead out. Everything's gone to pot lately." Never mind! Perhaps they 'll pan out better later on.

P. R. C. (Brixton Hill).—"A down-and-out scavenger earns as much as I do." Console yourself with the thought that a scavenger's business is picking up most of the time.

S. H. F. (Leicester).—"Writers assert that our country is one of the most beautiful in the whole world." For once the writers are right.

F. D. (Colchester).—"There's no denying the fact that brains have little or no cash value in this country." Don't know so much about that. After all we don't do so badly.

G. M. (Leicester).—"It's not fair to think that every woman is a nag." Now there's horse sense!

MISS M. B. (Halstead).—"Where is the ideal man?" He married our wife some years ago.

L. G. T. (Pitsford).—"What is the issue?" Three, so far as we are concerned.

F. C. K. (Aberystwyth).—"I shall give the boss a piece of my mind." Glad you can spare it.

W. T. (Hartlepool).—"What have the Prohibitists coming to them anyhow?" The answer is in the Lemonade factory.

WOULD-BE (Nunthorpe).—"Can you advise me how to get on the stage without any fuss?" Creep on while the doorkeeper isn't looking.

A. T. P. (Kensington).—"There is no possible excuse, these days, for dressing for dinner." But frequently glad rags made glad lads.

W. R. (Chorley).—"Unfortunately for me I am fond of a man who couldn't keep me in handkerchiefs, what can I do?" Don't get married till your cold's better.

R. T. (Purley).—"Think of the millions that are spent every year on drink." Still it often helps to make the world go round.

FRED (Blackpool).—"I've been scribbling for years but much of what I write is unprintable." And judging by your letter a lot of it is unreadable.

J. S. (Cricklewood).—"After all, what is the difference between a fiddler and a violinist?" Somewhere about £10 a week.

W. A. P. (Siloth).—"If someone would give me a lift I would soon get on my feet." But you'd get on your feet quicker if you forget the lift and used the stairs.

W. D. R. (Wembley).—"The Politician counts all the time, because when it comes to things that matter, it is always the public speaker who gets there." Clearly the influence of mind over patter.

W. E. S. (Swansea).—"A letter posted two years ago was delivered the day before yesterday." It might possibly have been quicker if your correspondent had telephoned.

R. T. (Mansfield).—"Our only son is developing all the vices of his father but none of the virtues." Cheer up! Possibly poor old Dad can't afford to part with any of his virtues.

M. H. J. (Bootle).—"I don't think I am at all like the average woman." And as the average woman doesn't think she's at all like the average women, you're still the average woman.

NO SWANK (Kirkcaldy).—"Why do so many lads want to become engineers and so few want to be masons or smiths?" Perhaps it's because they like to be among the nuts.

F. S. A. (Balham).—"Spiritualism does not make for depression. The most cheerful optimistic people I know are spiritualists." Now we know what is meant by the happy medium.

R. D. (Winchester).—"This year the Channel has been swum oftener than in all the years previous." And no wonder! Look how the cross-Channel fares have gone up.

CONSTANT READER (Earlsfield).—"Although they are supposed to be illegal, sweepstakes are all the rage." And we were absolutely furious when *we didn't* even get a runner over the St. Leger.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

CLOSING DAYS
of
"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT OFFER
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Turn to page 2 now.

RHEUMATIC TWINGES—WHAT TO DO FOR THEM

Mr. Eugene Corri, famous official of the National Sporting Club, and the World's premier referee, explains the non-dosing treatment he uses himself.

It is a fact well known to the medical profession that in severely painful cases of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, neuritis, backache, etc., a course of hot medicated baths at some good mineral spring can always be depended upon to produce quick results. The trouble is that this usually means travelling long distances from home, and the great expenditure of time and money makes such treatment a luxury to be enjoyed only by the wealthy.

Some sufferers think only the wealthy can obtain such benefits. This, in my opinion, is an entirely mistaken idea. I know from personal experience the good results produced by hot sulphur baths, alkaline and saline baths, mud baths, and mineral springs of various kinds, but after trying most of the well-known resorts, both here and on the Continent, I found a method of treatment at home which proved even better and certainly more prompt and lasting in its effects, also far more convenient. Never before in my life did I experience the prompt and inexpressibly gratifying relief from all pain which followed a bath in saltrated water, something which anyone can enjoy at any convenient time at trifling cost, and right in the privacy of his own home. Mr. Eugene Corri, the well-known authority upon physical fitness, recently wrote me: "The medicated water stops any rheumatic pains in a few minutes. Just like a visit to a Spa." This medicated water is prepared by dissolving in plain hot water a good handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates, a compound which most chemists keep ready put up in convenient and inexpensive packets of different sizes, so it is a simple matter to give the treatment a trial. An occasional bath in the highly medicated and oxygenated water thus produced has for nearly three years kept me entirely free of the constant gnawing, grinding, piercing pains, muscular soreness, swellings and stiff joints which once made life utterly miserable for me.—C. H. N.

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It was left for Dr. S. B. Niblett, to at last discover the remedy that would not only bring alleviation, but, by building up the patient's vital forces, finally render him immune from the dread scourge. Dr. Niblett gave thirty-five years' close study to epilepsy and fits—devoted a lifetime to the alleviation of these terrible complaints. His remedy—which he called "Vital Renewer"—has brought back during the last few years health and strength to thousands, and it is with the object of making it more widely known that we to-day make a remarkable offer of a free bottle to anyone who is afflicted with this dread disease.

May we put it to you to take advantage of this offer now—to learn, once and for all, that there is a way by which you can be quickly and permanently cured—a treatment medically endorsed and vouched for by thousands of patients thoroughly cured?

Nor is Dr. Niblett's treatment other than pleasant, its simplicity and the ease with which it may be carried out being marked features.

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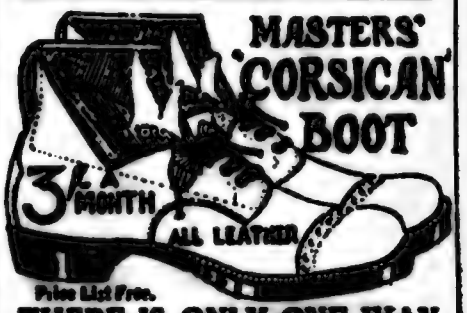

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TRICKS of THREE-BALL EXPERTS

Pawnbrokers who Juggle with the Law

THE authorities, while ever ready to pounce on publicans, bookies, and struggling shopkeepers who sell cigarettes after eight o'clock, turn a blind eye to the activities of pawnbrokers who tamper with the law all along the line. And the tricks of these three-ball experts are the more readily to be condemned since they injure only the very needy.

Perhaps the most wretched business of the trade, however, is the robbing not of the living but of the dead. Dealing in "Sleepers" is what this ghoulish business is so aptly termed, the pawnbroker buying from undertakers' assistants the rings and articles of jewellery that some of these harpies steal from corpses!

One pawnbroker does a thriving and regular business with one of these snatchers. "The Planter," as he is called, is employed by an undertaker who has a contract with a Poor Law institution for the burial of the pauper inmates who die there.

He collects the wedding and gold keeper rings treasured to the last by the poor old souls, and then parts with them for a consideration to the pawnbrokers. This class of "business" is by no means confined to these institutions, many valuable articles of jewellery being obtained from dead people elsewhere.

In the robbing of the living, Uncle is equally unscrupulous. The experienced broker can spot at once a customer fresh to the fold, and he or she becomes legitimate prey. Should the article offered be a costly jewel (say, a diamond), the pawnbroker takes it in for the lowest price he can give, assuring the unsuspecting customer that the stone is really of little value.

No sooner is the business completed and the customer out of the way, than the valuable stone is removed from its setting and replaced by a diamond of lesser value. If any question of the price of the diamond arises later, the broker will, of course, express his willingness for an independent valuation.

"Mystery Gold" is another friend of the brokers. A base metal that has all the appearance and characteristics of real gold, will stand the *aqua fortis* test, and will not change colour by exposure to sea, air or tarnish in any way, "Mystery Gold" acts as a substitute for the links of gold chains which the broker may have removed!

It is in his little "halfpenny" tricks of robbing the poor, however, that the pawnbroker excels. He is entitled to charge ½d. interest per month for every two shillings or part of two shillings loaned. Uncle has a neat way of turning this to his own profit. First he sees that the article pawned is in itself security to twice or even three times the value of the sum advanced on it. Then he makes the two shilling pledge—two and threepence, or the four shilling pledge—four shillings and threepence, and so on up to a pound.

Thus he obtains for himself interest on the two shilling pledge at the rate of a four shilling pledge; or on the four shilling pledge at the rate of a six shilling one. The extra *threepence* added to the pledge entitles him to the interest he would get on an advance of another *two shillings*.

Just what the broker makes out of the "weekly trader" is shown by a simple calculation:

A customer pledges each Monday and redeems each Saturday articles on which he receives a loan of six shillings and threepence. On Monday when the articles are pledged, the broker deducts ½d. for the ticket, 1d. for "valuation" and 1d. for the imaginary "special care," "drawer," or "hang up" (whichever it may be), making a total deduction of twopence-halfpenny.

On Saturday, when the articles are redeemed, a further charge of 2d. is claimed as interest, making a total charge of fourpence-halfpenny for a week—one shilling and sixpence a month or eighteen shillings a year for a loan of six shillings and threepence, the broker retaining in his possession goods worth double and sometimes treble the value of the original loan!

There is no excuse for the authorities allowing these tricksters to continue their operations at the expense of the poor and needy. Immediate and drastic action should be taken against them.

THE OLD LADY'S MEDALS

Starving Veteran Mother of Soldier Sons

LET us introduce to you Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a veteran mother of soldier sons of whom the nation should be proud.

She is the widow of the late Sergeant Fitzpatrick, of the 19th Royal Hussars (Queen Alexandra's Own). She is now sixty-four years of age. For sixteen years she was borne on the strength of the Regiment, and was a well-known figure in barracks when John Denton Pinkstone French, now Earl of Ypres, was a dashing young cavalry subaltern. Among her cherished possessions is a letter which she received from that distinguished soldier in 1912, condoling with her upon the death of her husband.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick gave two sons to the nation during the Great War. Joseph served in the Royal Berkshire Regiment, and Edward James in the Royal Irish Rifles. Both made the supreme sacrifice, leaving their widowed mother as a legacy to the nation.

Such a woman should be announced with the scarlet sound of trumpets heralding the arrival of royalty. She is one of the queens of the earth who have stripped themselves of their diadem of motherhood that the nation might not sink unhonoured into a limbo of forgotten glory.

Lowly and humble was the manner of her coming. Tremulous and tottering she entered our office to lay her case before us. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her voice shook with weakness as she told her pitiable story of the nation's shameful neglect.

She had at first received a pound a week pension as compensation for the loss of the two gallant sons who had been her only support. Then some busybody discovered that she was earning a little money by menial work, and the pension was reduced to four shillings and twopence in the interest of national economy!

Her health had proved unequal to the strain, and she had been unable to continue at her work. She showed us how she had supported herself for the last few months—a bundle of pawn tickets, the medals of a mother's sacrifice that England might be free!

She had applied to the Charity Organisation Society, and a visitor had called upon her with the view of recommending her for a "need" pension. She had been asked many questions, all save the first one we asked her: "When did you last have something to eat?"

She had walked from Camden Town without even a cup of tea to cheer her on her way!

We saw to it that she did not remain hungry, and we are taking up the matter of her pension.

Such is the work accomplished by "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.) Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

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(Continued from page 31.)

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HOWARD & ALAN, Ltd. (Dept. E),
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YOU MAY FIND SOMETHING TO YOUR ADVANTAGE IN THE
SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING,
See page 3.

The Heels with the Bulldog Grip!

"Last the time of three"

¶ Non-slipping, Splendid Wear, Smooth Tread . . . The Easiest heels to fix: Perfect fitting

Phillips new
'Military' and 'Magna'
Spring-Grip Heels

MEN'S ... 1/6 pair.
LADIES' ... 1/- "

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interetsed in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—

"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) JACK EVANS."

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. Please use coupon or copy it.

TEST-BOX Coupon

Fill in name and address and post with 6d. in stamps (or P.O.) to **JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 A.T.), London, W. 1.**

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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GRAVES

The Machine of Quality *Entirely British Made*

GRAVES GRAMOPHONES

are better value than ever. Handsome, powerful instruments of exquisite tone and dependable quality, constructed in our own manufactory, offered at the keenest competitive prices and on the easiest Terms of Payment ever made.

WE DELIVER the Graves Gramophone, securely packed and carriage paid to all approved orders for 5/- with order. If you are not very satisfied with the machine after full trial in your home, the balance is payable in 11 monthly payments of 5/-. Money immediately refunded in full if you are disappointed.

The Graves Gramophone has a splendidly made Cabinet, size 16½ x 16½ x 40ins. beautifully polished to a fine piano finish, and tastefully decorated. Fitted with a powerful, shiftable-built sliced motor of proven efficiency, which runs with perfect smoothness and steadiness. Handy dated tapertone arm and support, speed controller, improved starting and stopping device, charmingly designed sound horn, and the newest type of sound box which is a veritable triumph of acoustic science.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of newest designs, including Hornless Models, all at the lowest prices and on Easy Payment Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

WHEN SENDING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post.
Always mention JOHN BULL.

YOUR PROTECTION
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can part with your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

PAY CASH & SAVE 100%

6/6 post free.
GENT'S "MAGNIFIC"
Keyless Pocket Watch in strong well-finished nickel case. Very smart appearance, keeps splendid time, and is offered at a lower price than any other similar Watch on the market.

Also in finely gilt case 7/6

G. E. ANDREWS, 189, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. Premier House.

YOU CAN AFFORD GOOD WINE

VIN REGNO bears comparison with the very finest vintage yet only costs 30/- per case of 12 full-sized bottles, carriage paid. VIN REGNO is in three varieties, RUBY — WHITE — AMBER—and all are delightful in flavour and do credit to any table.

Try VIN REGNO Wines, the body, strength and character will surprise you. We feel so sure that you will enjoy them that we offer to refund your money in full upon your returning the case to us (we paying carriage) should you not be thoroughly satisfied.

When ordering, state whether Ruby, White, Amber, or a mixed case is desired.

Cheques should be crossed National & Provincial Bank, James Street, Liverpool.

VIN REGNO CO.,
15, EARL ST. (off Oldhall St.), LIVERPOOL.

A WINTER COAT FOR 7/6

This elegant coat of ALL WOOL VELOUR with three way collar in natachna, or beaver coney, is invaluable for mid-season and winter wear. The pin tucks which form the belt and ornament the sleeves forecast the coming mode. In Beaver, Grey, Nigger and Navy, moderately priced at 6/- with natachna collar, 10/- with beaver coney collar.

Write for patterns and booklet "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

Sent on receipt of first payment; satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All garments made to measure. When ordering state length, bust and sleeve length.

LEACH & HARDY
Dept. J.B.
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A £2-2-0 Press for 6/6

Of solid wood and metal—highly finished with Nickel-Plated Fittings, 9/3 p.f.

Compact, lightweight, packs in suit case. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY, DRESS WELL.
Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "from-the-tailor" look.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded, upon return in good condition. *Send for List of other Lines.*

The **COOPER-Kid**

Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and trouser creases. Send for this extraordinary bargain. The COOPER CLARENCE Box Co. Ltd. (Dept. 6 B.B.), Clarendon Wks., Hull.

RUBBER LINED RAINCOATS
(LADIES' OR GENT'S.)

Khaki or Navy Raincoats of exceptional value smart and beautifully made with Storm Collar, Sleeve Tabs, and Arm Ventilation.

Gent's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 chest.

Ladies' sizes: 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 in. long. 12/6 each. One or two colours patronised. Double-breasted. Belt all round, 2/6 extra.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Post orders receive immediate attention.

ONLY **12/6**

All money orders and cheques payable to:—
H. BAMFORD,
The BURTON WAREHOUSE CO., 58, Stockport Road, MANCHESTER.

Save 2/6 a week with the THREE for ONE SHIRT

A shirt without front or cuffs, but supplied with 3 loose fronts secured by straps to the stud at back of neck and with buttons to body. T-shirt (not bodying, like ordinary loose front shirt), also 3 pairs loose cuffs for buttoning on to shirt.

No existing shirt better worn out. No frayed cuffs. Economy in laundry.

Zephyr quality	10/6
" superior	17/6
Popl'n "	25/-

Sizes 14-18 neck. Postage 6d. extra.

THREE-FOR-ONE SHIRT CO., 37, NORTH GEORGE STREET, DALRY.

Cigarettes at Pre-War Prices - Remarkable Offer.

To introduce this new line, a leading manufacturer offers millions of full-size, high-grade cigarettes at the astounding direct-to-smoker price of 3/- per thousand. These cigarettes are double quality, yet cheaper than the cheapest you can obtain locally,—if not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

For a limited time, a sample box of one hundred cigarettes will be sent post free for **3/6**

Address your order to:
LEON SOROKO,
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'THE BOLTON"

Carriage Paid on approval.
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

£6:17:6

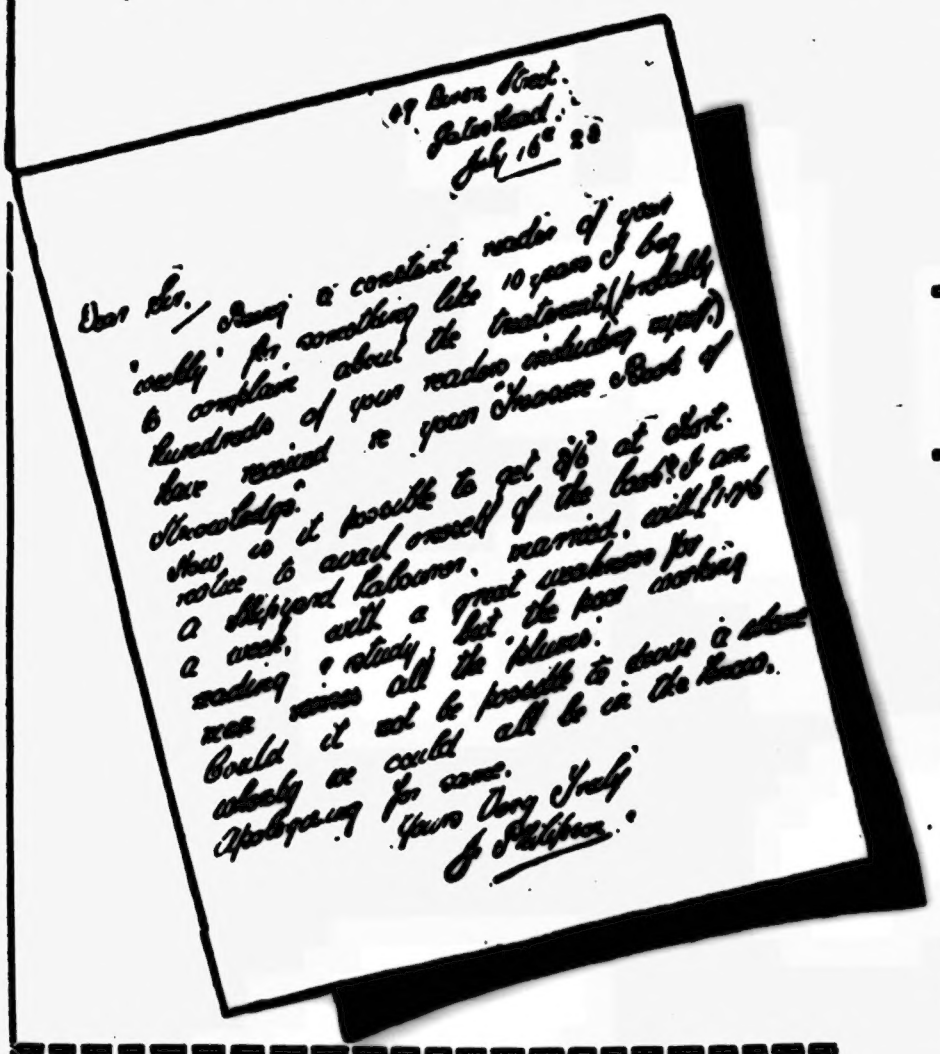
Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Cheaper Models from £3:12:6

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 380 & 468, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8

A remarkable letter and "John Bull's" sensational reply


69 Dean Street
Jolesland
July 16th 23
Dear Sir,
Being a constant reader of your
weekly for something like 10 years I beg
to complain about the treatment (probably
hundreds of your readers endorsing myself)
have received re your Treasure Book of
Knowledge.
How to get it possible to get it at short
notice to avail oneself of the book? I am
a shipyard labourer, married, with kids
a week, with a great weakness for
reading & study but the hour working
man receives all the plums.
Could it not be possible to devise a scheme
whereby we could all be on the same.
Apologising for same.
Yours Very Truly
J Philipson.

This sumptuous Guinea Work

may now be yours for

1/- down

and four weekly subscriptions of 2/- each.

HERE'S wonderful news for our readers! The "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge may now be yours for only 1/- down, followed by four easy weekly payments of 2/-. Thus with one bold stroke "John Bull" makes it possible for everyone, whatever their circumstances may be, to possess this book and acquire the vital information it contains. Hundreds who, like Mr. Philipson, are eager to study and get on in life may now do so to their heart's content. Far from "missing all the plums," as Mr. Philipson puts it, they may now partake of one of the most generous offers, as well as one of the best of bargains, ever offered in the pages of "John Bull."

Think! A shilling will give you access to 520 pages of reading as interesting as any novel; you will be able to revel in lovely coloured plates and over 100 illustrations, and when you have mastered the contents you will be able to discuss Art, Literature, Music, Nationalisation and a host of other subjects which heretofore were a sealed book to you.

Examine the Book FREE!

Although we know you will assign this book the place of honour on your shelves, we want you first to examine it quietly at home before deciding to purchase. It is hardly necessary to add that the remaining volumes will be quickly snapped up under our new and sensational terms. If you wish a copy it is imperative that you fill in and forward the coupon to-day.

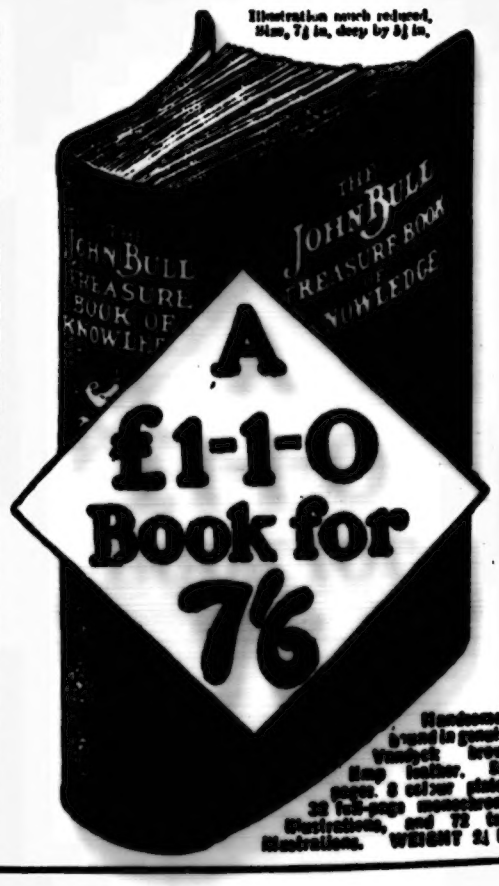


Illustration much reduced. Size, 7¾ in. deep by 5¼ in.
THE JOHN BULL TREASURE BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE
A £1-1-0 Book for 7/6
Handsomely bound in genuine Vanduck brown limp leather, 800 pages, 8 colour plates, 32 full-page monochrome illustrations, and 72 text illustrations. WEIGHT 2¼ lb.

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To "JOHN BULL" Treasure Book Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Subscription Payments.—Please send me on Free Approval one copy of the £1 1s. (one guinea) edition of the "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge. I enclose 1/- to cover cost of packing and delivery. I undertake either to return the book in new condition within three days or to complete the purchase with four consecutive weekly payments of 2/- each, the first subscription becoming due one week after receipt of the book. In default of any one subscription, the outstanding balance shall immediately become payable. I am over 21 years of age.

Please state if a Householder.....

CASH PAYMENT.—I desire to have my name put on the list of applicants for the £1 1s. (one guinea) edition of the "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge, and enclose cheque, P.O. for 8/6 in full payment (including 1/- for packing and delivery). (N.B.—Foreign and Colonial readers must enclose an additional 1/6 for extra postage.)

I understand that you guarantee to return at once, and in full, the sum paid for the book to any applicant who is not completely satisfied and who returns it in new condition within three days of receipt.

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(Please write clearly.)

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An Autographed Edition-de-Luxe of the Treasure Book with Gilt Edges can be supplied for 5/- extra.

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DAILY EXPRESS—

"*The Treasure Book of Knowledge*, price one guinea, is a veritable mine of information. Problems that are ever present in the life of to-day are dealt with by experts."

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Autographed Edition.

500 copies of the Edition-de-luxe have been specially autographed by the editor—a few copies are still available to early applicants. No extra charge is being made.

How to Save 1/-.

The "John Bull" Treasure Book of Knowledge may be obtained for 7s. 6d. if called for at any of the addresses of the "John Bull" Pop Shops given below:—LONDON: 87, Long Acre; 72, New Oxford Street; 265, Strand; 323, High Holborn; 1, Cannon Street Station Approach. PORTSMOUTH: 214, Commercial Road.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 496.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. J. BROOKS, 10, Marylebone Street, Marylebone, London, W. 1.

Example :—SOFT JOB

Bullet :—FOR MINISTER—"WATCHING SITUATION."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. A. T. DAVIS, 22, South Street, Harborne, Birmingham.

Example :—QUITE A CHANGE

Bullet :—ROTHERMERE WITH HAT ON.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. BENNETT, 491, High Road, Leytonstone, E. 11.

Example :—QUITE A CHANGE

Bullet :—WATCHING SEA "WASH UP."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. B. THOMAS, Myrtle House, Hospital Road, Gorseinon, Swansea:
SOCIALISM—CLOSES SKYLIGHT—OPENS TRAPDOOR.

Miss I. M. BROWN, 10, Sholebroke Place, Leeds:
QUITE A CHANGE—"LLOYD GEORGE ALSO SPOKE."

F. ATTWOOD, 19, Lodge Hill, Kingswood, Bristol:
HITTING THE BAR—DISGUSTED FOOTBALLER EXAMINES BOOT.

THOMAS BRIERLEY, 23, Park Road, Leek, Staffs.:
MOTHER'S DARLING—GETS STICK—OF CHOCOLATE.

E. E. BRADLEY, 31, Bovill Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.23:
NOT EXCITING—UNLESS STUNT ENDANGERS LIFE. (Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon).

LIONEL SEDGWICK, 31, Sidney Street, Lincoln:
OVERPAID—LIFE SENTENCE—STOLEN KISS.

F. PEPPER, 262, Hough Lane, Wombwell, near Barnsley:
A DAMPER—SALARY TAXABLE AFTER INCREASE.

J. P. HUDSON, 104, Wormholt Road, W.12:
HER HUSBAND—THEN PAUL PRY "CONFOUNDED."

M. SHEIL, 20, Highbury Grange, London, N.5.:
THE NEW CHANCELLOR—WON'T BLAME HIS PREDECESSOR.

G. R. WARD, Moss Rose, Broadbridge Heath, Horsham:
SEEING DAYLIGHT—NOT THROUGH REVOLUTION'S GLARE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

E. J. M. WATSON, 65, Spottiswoode Street, Edinburgh:
GOING ROUND—AND ROUND, LIGHTHOUSEMAN'S CONSTITUTIONAL.

ROBERT FAIRBAIRN, 7, College Street, St. Andrews, Fife:
DRIVING HOME—INTO BAILIFF'S HANDS—DRUNKARD.

A. BERRY, 82, Bolton Road, Chorley, Lancs.:
SEEING DAYLIGHT—LABOUR—SEAT ON BOARD.

G. EDWARDS, 1, Chapel Lane, Quatford, Bridgnorth:
OLD FOOL—YET SOMEHOW HE'S BOSS.

J. WOOD, 53, Dutton Road, Owlerton, Sheffield:
FIRST THING—AFTER ENGLISHMAN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE.

H. ROBERTS, 11, Brackley Street, Egerton Street, Oldham:
COMING ALONG—WINTER, WITH "DARKER DAYS."

H. W. STANLEY, Greylands, Teignmouth:
QUITE A CHANGE—WHEN NATURE "ALTERS MAP."

A. G. RHYMES, Lower Farm, Wolvercote, Nr. Oxford:
NICELY MANAGED—BABY CRIED BEFORE COLLECTION.

J. W. DAY, Ashfield, East Cowick, Snaith S.O., Nr. Goole:
MOTHER'S DARLING—NOWADAYS, INSTEAD OF DARLINGS.

G. BARRETT, 14, Princes Gardens, Exeter:
HER HUSBAND—EATS ANYTHING—WORDS INCLUDED.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Mrs. G. Allen, 53, Sycamore Rd., Cape Hill B'ham; W. R. Andrews, 66, Amesbury Av., Streatham, S.W.; J. S. Arthur, "Calmstrodite," Langholm Rd., East Boldon, Durham; F. Austin, 129, Pasley St., Stoke, Devonport; C. Avery, 39, Sandhill St., Otterv-St-Mary, Devon; C. Bacon, 35, Dragon Parade, Harrogate; F. Barker, 10, Bow St., Middlesbrough; W. E. Barnes, 5, South Albany Rd., Redruth, Cornwall; H. Beard, 756, Fulham Rd., S.W.; Miss M. A. Berry, 81, Water St., Chorley, Lancs.; R. Bossley, 1, Richards Place, Treforest, Glam.; S. Bowyer, 156, Elmco Grove, Cambridge; H. Bridges, Rock Hill House, Priston, near Bath; J. Brown, Tower Hill, Leigh, Westbury, Wilts; F. Burnell, High St., Cannington, near Bridgwater; H. W. Burness, Carlops, Midlothian; R. Burns, 6, Cellar Hill Ter., Houghton-le-Spring, Durham; A. G. Chapman, East Street, Coggeshall, Essex; B. Cookson, 101, Elizabeth St., Blackpool; J. Cooper, The Cabin, Lower Ct. Rd., Epsom; T. B. Donaldson, Laffincott Barton, Holsworthy, Devon; Mrs. A. Corbett, Grove Lodge, Woodpath, Southsea; E. A. Cordon, Mount St., Brereton, near Derby; Mrs. Crabtree, 31, Inkerman St., Blackburn; H. Curtis, 41, Buckenham Rd., Pitsmoor, Sheffield; A. Dalton, 11, Arthur St., Lincoln; D. J. Devlin, Stanley House, Mayfield Rd., Moseley, B'ham; A. M. Dodd, 93, Cranbourne Rd., Wandsworth Common, S.W.; W. Elson, Cheshire Cot., Liberty pl., Bridgwater; J. Evanny, 21, Windermere Rd., Stockton-on-Tees; W. Evans, 13, James St., Rugby; G. E. Flanagan, 18, Picton St., Kensington, Liverpool; H. Fleming, 21, Station Ter., Abbey Village, Lancs.; Miss Fordon, 43, Norney's Av., Oxford; E. Foord, 20, Wordsworth Rd., Bradford, Notts.; A. C. Foster, 16, Foster Ter., Dublin; A. T. Frost, 37, London Rd., Southampton; A. Green, 44, Cambridge St., Hawthey, Stockport; P. Greenwood, 27, Roby Mill, Upholland, Lancs.; W. R. Grindley, 134, New Lane, Post Green, Manchester; R. L. Harris, 161, Borough Rd., Birkenhead; H. M.

(Continued on page 33.)

10 £5
10 £210

'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

200 5/-
500 2/6
4000

2nd. Prize £20

3rd. Prize £10

100 PRIZES OF £1

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 498.

WHAT BALDWIN'S DOING
HIS WAY
DEBT OF HONOUR
HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION
ANOTHER REVOLUTION
HOW TO SAVE
HAPPY LAND
OVER AGAIN
FLATTERING
PUTTING IT BLUNTLY
FRIENDLY TALK
HOW IT WORKS
HIS BUSINESS
POLITE REFUSAL
WHAT WIFE EXPECTS
AT RANDOM
CUTTING IT FINE
UNBEATEN
A DARK NIGHT
COOLING OFF
TOO BIG
AT SUNSET
WE DON'T MIND
MY PIPE
THE WRONG REMEDY
SORE POINT
GOING THROUGH
LOOKING BAD
DIFFERENT GIRL
TENDER SUBJECT
PATCHED UP
BIGGER MAN

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 498 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the first Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 450, can now be seen in the window of Mr. W. J. Thacker, High Street, Wrought Iron, W.13.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 498 will be published in next week's "Newsagents' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 498, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(498) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(498) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(498) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

No.—— Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.
Example
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(498) P.O. No.
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 498.

OUR PLACE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS—GOLDEN MEMORIES—SIT TOO SOON—A BLUNDER BY THE FIRESIDE—A GOLD MEDICINE BADLY DAMAGED IN THE FAMILY—HER ADVICE WHAT WE IMAGINE—WIDE LEAD—WASTED—GOOD AS EVER—GIVEN AWAY—ON THE ROAD—YOUNG FOOL—INCREASING STAFF—ON THE RIGHT.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 498 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 498, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 498.

"BULLETS" No. 500—STARTLING OFFER COMING!

You cannot do better

than take Beecham's Pills if you are not feeling physically fit. Be thorough where your health is concerned. Never tolerate the least serious of ailments. If your stomach is out of order you should at once resort to Beecham's Pills.

Irregularity of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels, if neglected, may give you a great deal of trouble.

To remove the cause of ill-health you cannot do better than take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Soothes and Heals the Tortured Skin

The burning irritation of Eczema and all similar rashes and eruptions is soothed immediately by Germolene. In the case of Mrs. Cole, this splendid dressing cured severe and serious Eczema which had persisted for seven years.

Mrs. Cole's Signed Statement:

Mrs. Cole, Pembroke Bungalow, Ashburnham Road, Burry Port, South Wales, says:—"I was troubled with eczema for about seven years. It was on my wrist, and a little way up the arm, and the itching and burning were intense. I had to scratch it, and that made it run. It became so bad at last that my wrist was raw all round. I had all sorts of things for it, but none did any permanent good till I got Germolene. Then the relief was wonderful. Germolene soothed the itching at once, and scon it was quite cured. I have never been troubled with it since."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

You can't keep him tied to your apron-strings—

THAT boy of yours will be out of bounds before you can say "Jack Robinson." The call is in his blood, and answer it he will the moment he gets the chance.

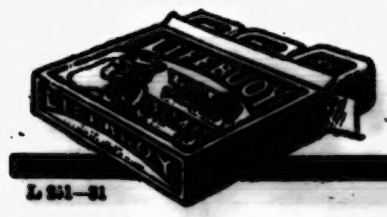
When he comes in hot, dusty, and tired, don't scold or lay down the law to him. Show him that you understand the golden law of Health, and that your wisdom is the real authority.

Bring him back to cleanliness in the pleasant Lifebuoy manner; tell him frankly why this antiseptic soap is so beneficial. He'll quickly understand that the dust and grime of odd corners and hiding places, harmless tho' they seem, carry germs that are dangerous to health, and may keep him in bed, unless he defends himself against them by using Lifebuoy Soap. Its fresh, invigorating lather will appeal to his healthy instincts and soon he will be asking for Lifebuoy Soap of his own accord.

Lifebuoy keeps the skin clear and healthy. The Lifebuoy Germ-Free Toilet is sensibly delightful.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*

LIFEBUOY SOAP



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